

Geronimo Stilton



MYSTERIOUS EYE OF THE DRAGON

 SCHOLASTIC

Dear mouse friends,
Welcome to the world of



Geronimo Stilton



THE RODENT'S GAZETTE
EDITORIAL STAFF





Geronimo Stilton

A learned and brainy
mouse; editor of
The Rodent's Gazette

Thea Stilton

Geronimo's sister and
special correspondent at
The Rodent's Gazette



Trap Stilton

An awful joker;
Geronimo's cousin and
owner of the store
Cheap Junk for Less

Benjamin Stilton

A sweet and loving
nine-year-old mouse;
Geronimo's favorite
nephew



Geronimo Stilton

MYSTERIOUS EYE OF THE DRAGON



Scholastic Inc.

Copyright © 2018 by Edizioni Piemme S.p.A., Palazzo Mondadori, Via Mondadori 1, 20090 Segrate, Italy. International Rights © Atlantyca S.p.A. English translation © 2021 by Atlantyca S.p.A.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party websites or their content.

GERONIMO STILTON names, characters, and related indicia are copyright, trademark, and exclusive license of Atlantyca S.p.A. All rights reserved. The moral right of the author has been asserted. Based on an original idea by Elisabetta Dami. geronimostilton.com

Published by Scholastic Inc., *Publishers since 1920*, 557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012. SCHOLASTIC and associated logos are trademarks and/or registered trademarks of Scholastic Inc.

Stilton is the name of a famous English cheese. It is a registered trademark of the Stilton Cheese Makers' Association.

All rights reserved under International and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. No part of this publication may be reproduced, transmitted, downloaded, decompiled, reverse engineered, or stored in or introduced into any information storage and retrieval system, in any form or by any means, whether electronic or mechanical, now known or hereafter invented, without the express written permission of the publisher. For information regarding permission, please contact Atlantyca S.p.A., Via Leopardi 8, 20123 Milan, Italy; e-mail foreignrights@atlantyca.it, atlantyca.com.

This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales is entirely coincidental.

e-ISBN 978-1-338-68721-7

Text by Geronimo Stilton

Original title *Il misterioso occhio del drago*

Cover by Iacopo Bruno, Andrea Da Rold, and Andrea Cavallini

Illustrations by Danilo Loizedda, Antonio Campo, Daria Cerchi, and Serena Gianoli

Translated by Andrea Schaffer

Special thanks to Anna Bloom

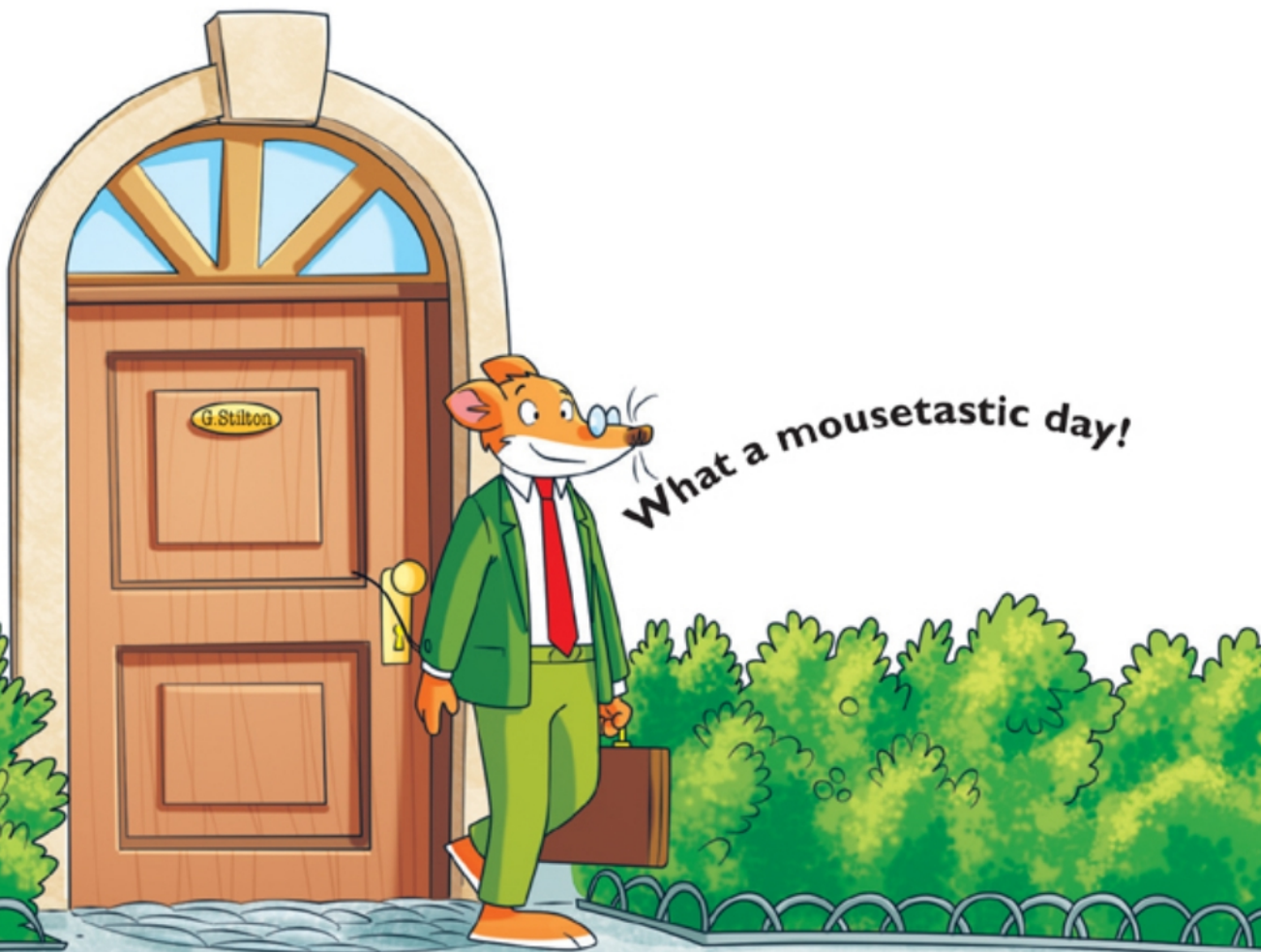
Interior design by Kay Petronio

First printing 2021



CALM YOUR FUR!

I left my house in the morning with a **spring** in my step and a twitch in my tail. I had a feeling that it was going to be a **mousetastic** day. My name is Stilton, *Geronimo Stilton*, and I run the **Rodent's Gazette**, the most famous newspaper on Mouse Island!





When I arrived at my office, I heard **YELLING** coming from the editorial lounge.

“I want to go look for the treasure!”

“No, I want to go!”

“You don’t know anything about **treasure** hunts!”

“I know more than you’ll ever know about **TREASURE HUNTS!**”

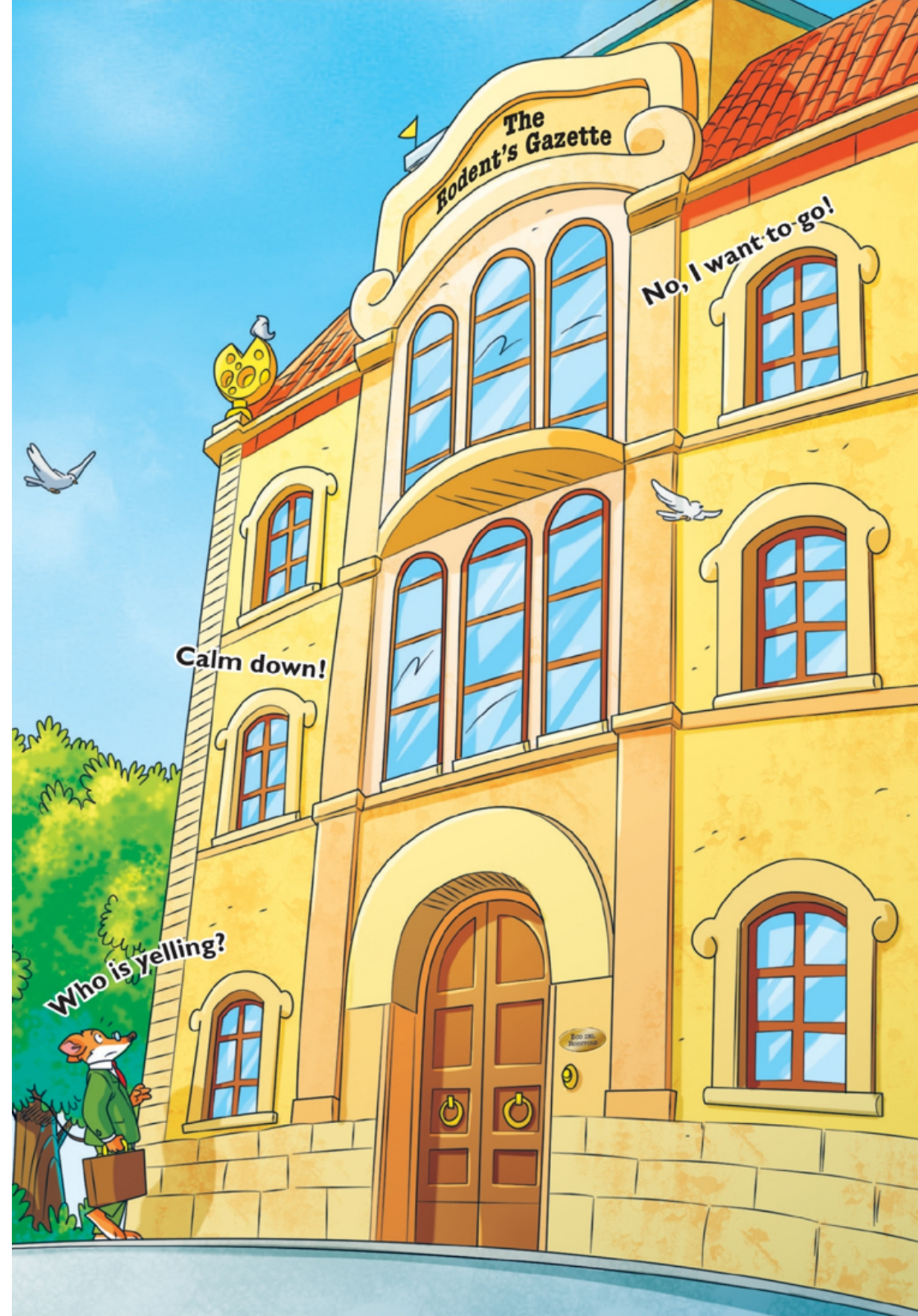
“For the love of cheese, everybody calm your fur!”

What on Mouse Island was going on?

Who was doing all the shouting?

What was this treasure hunt all about?!

I hurried to open the door and get inside. I didn’t want to be a **worryrat**, but the argument sounded serious! When I stepped in, I saw my sister, **THEA**, and my cousin **TRAP** fighting over an **envelope**.





A cartoon illustration of a library scene. In the foreground, a large orange fox with a white beard and a green suit is looking towards the background with a surprised expression. His mouth is open, and his eyes are wide. In the background, a smaller brown fox and a grey mouse are standing near a bookshelf. The brown fox is looking at the mouse, who is holding a clipboard and looking at a bookshelf. The bookshelf is filled with colorful books. The scene is set in a library with wooden walls and a blue floor.

What's going on?

Can you believe this?



Who's going to win this one?

Give it to me!

No, it's mine!



Thea pulled my whiskers . . .

I got between them, but that only made things **worse**! Thea mistakenly pulled my whiskers, and Trap accidentally flicked my ear.



. . . and Trap flicked my ear!

“Owww W W W W W!”

“Sorry, Geronimo!” Trap said. “But you have to move out of the way. This is between me and Thea!”

“That’s right!” Thea said. She tightened her grip on the **envelope** and glared at Trap.



I yelled for them to stop fighting!

This was ridiculous! I tried to reason with these **SILLY** Fontina faces.



“Thea, Trap, why are you **ARGUING**? It’s not worth it, I’m sure! Come on, put the envelope down.”

But the two continued to yell . . .

“I saw the envelope first!”

“No, I did! That treasure is mine!”

“Oh no it isn’t!”

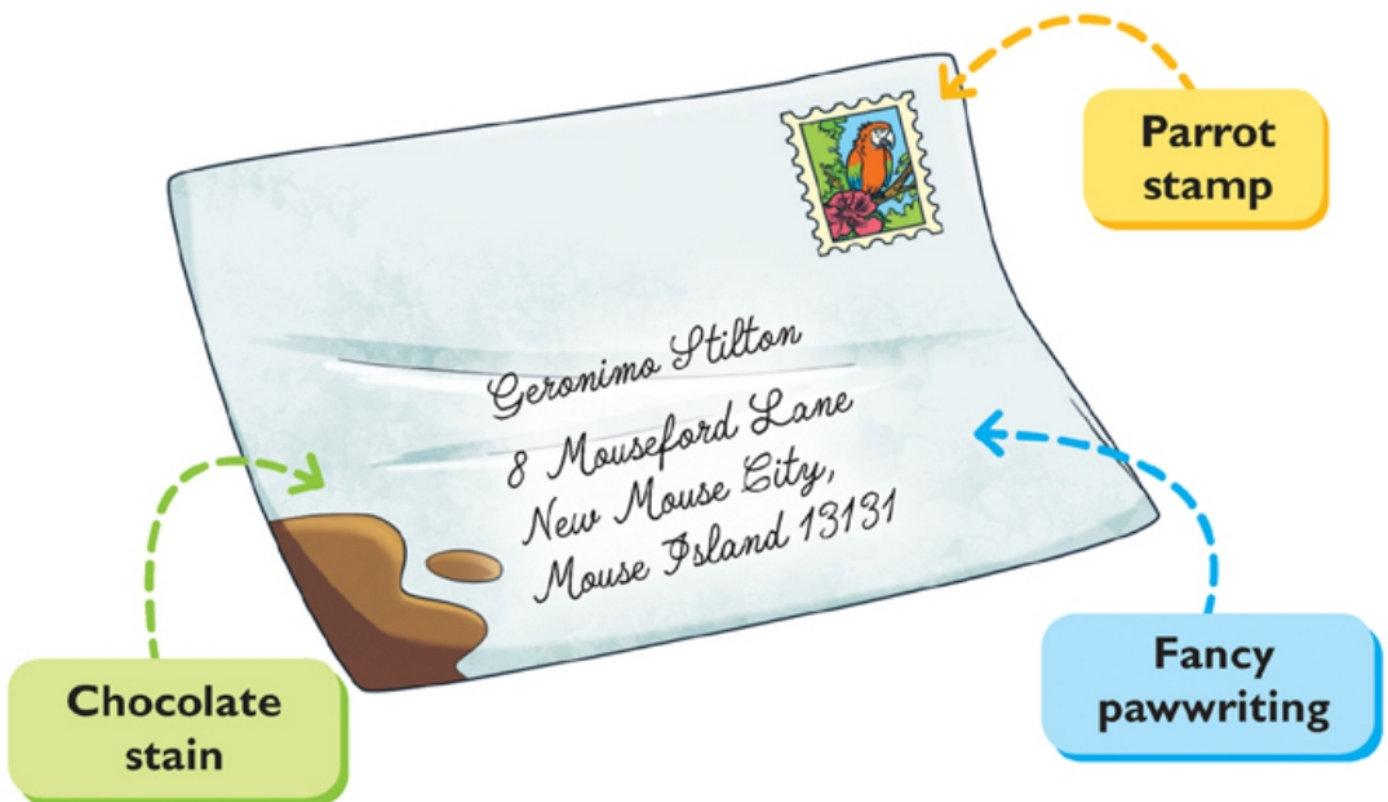
At that moment, the envelope that they were fighting over fell on the ground. I stepped forward again and **SCOOPED** it off the floor. **Rusty cheese knives!** This envelope was actually addressed to me!





DEAR GERONIMO STILTON

I couldn't believe they had opened my mail without asking me **FIRST**! "What in the name of all that is **cheesy** do the two of you **rats** think you're doing? This envelope clearly has my name written on it!"





Still **fuming**, I looked down at the envelope. There were a few **interesting** details that stood out. I put my snout so close to the envelope that my whiskers grazed the paper.

1
On the envelope, there was a stamp with a parrot and a tropical flower . . . **INTERESTING!**



2
There was a strange stain that smelled just like chocolate . . . **VERY INTERESTING!**

The address was written in fancy pawwriting that reminded me of someone . . . **VERY, VERY INTERESTING!**




3



All these things together really got the **cheese** wheel in my brain turning. Then it hit me! “Sweltering Swiss cheese! The stamp shows that this letter comes from **Brazil**. And the stain here is definitely **Brazilian chocolate**. And I’d recognize this **pawwriting** anywhere — it belongs to my dear friend Isabela, who lives in Brazil!”

I turned the **envelope** over and saw that I was right. Isabela had written her name and address on the back side. **Thundering cat tails!** I hadn’t heard from her in ages. I wondered why she was reaching out. I couldn’t wait to see what she could have written that had made Trap and Thea argue so fiercely!

Quickly, I pulled Isabela’s letter out and **skipped** through it. **GREAT GOBS OF CHEESE!**



Dear Geronimo,

I know that you are very busy, but I need your help! I am searching for a hidden treasure here in Brazil, and I can't do it alone. Please come visit, Geronimo!

I could use your paws on the case. Because the treasure is a secret, I can't explain further until you get here. Come as soon as you can! I will be waiting.

I promise you, it will be the adventure of a lifetime — one that will make a mousetastic story for your newspaper!

Your friend,

Isabela

PS Please, please come, I really need your help!

PPS Feel free to bring a friend!



Isabela had written about an incredimouse hidden **treasure**. She needed my help to find it!

Hmm, poor Isabela really did sound desperate. I wanted to **help** her but wasn't sure I could get away from the newspaper. I had been to **BRAZIL** before, and it would be **mousetastic** to go back again.

I had liked meeting **new friends**, tasting new foods, and visiting beautiful **natural wonders**.

But I'd have to take a long plane ride to get there . . . and I get **TERRIBLY** airsick!



SQUEAK!!!



BRAZIL

Brazil is a country known for its amazing natural wonders, like the Amazon rain forest, which is famous for the diversity of plant and animal life that live there. The Amazon River also runs through Brazil. It is the largest river in the world! In addition to all the amazing nature found there, Brazil has many dynamic cities like Rio de Janeiro and Brasília, the capital.

HOW TO GET THERE: Brazil is located in South America, easily accessible from Mouse Island by plane!

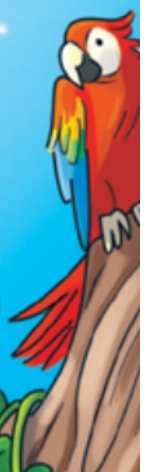
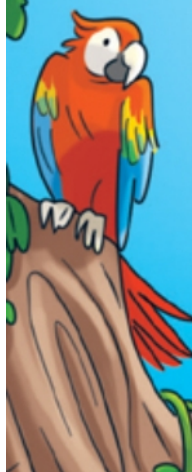
CAPITAL: Brasília

SIZE: At 3.2 million square miles, Brazil is the largest country in South America.

POPULATION: Brazil has more than 200 million inhabitants!

OFFICIAL LANGUAGE: Portuguese

TRADITIONS: The Carnival in Rio de Janeiro is a famous celebration that takes place every year in advance of Lent, a period of fasting that takes place before the Easter holiday. It is considered the biggest such celebration in the world, attracting over two million visitors a day. There are parade floats, dancing, and lots of music in the streets.





FIGHTING LIKE CATS AND MICE

Just as I was deciding whether or not to go, the door of the *Rodent's Gazette* flew open. My grandfather, **William Shortpaws**, entered. He had a **furious** frown on his snout.

He **stomped** between us, waving his paws in the air. "I could hear all three of you **SHOUTING** from down the street! What





in the name of the *Rodent's Gazette* is going on in here? I won't stand for **FIGHTING** among family members! Do you **understand**?"

He glared at each of us in turn. Nervously, I **twirled** my tail in my paws.

"Well, don't just stand there like **LUMPS** of cream cheese. Someone tell me what this fight is about!"

Thea, Trap, and I all started **TALKING** at the same time.

"Grandfather, this letter just arrived! There's a hidden **treasure** —"

"Trap pulled it right out of my paws —"

"Thea started it!"

"My **name** is right there on the envelope!"

Grandfather's **STERN** look faded, and he began to **CHUCKLE**. "Quiet down! I see why all of you are so worked up. A hidden treasure is a very **EXCITING** thing, indeed."



Maybe he wasn't so mad at us after all. I couldn't wait for him to tell Trap and Thea how wrong they'd been to open my **mail**.

"Well, Trap, Thea, and Geronimo, there's only one thing to do here . . ." He paused, and I **perked** up my ears. "All three of you should go together to help search for this hidden **treasure**. Then maybe you'll learn to get along!"

My **snout** dropped open. Next to me, Trap and Thea both groaned.

We began to protest, but Grandfather just **waved** his paws at us. "Enough! Thea: **YOU** will take **photos** of this trip for the *Rodent's Gazette*. Trap: **YOU** will learn new **recipes** that we will publish alongside Thea's photographs."

Grandfather turned to me. "Geronimo, you will write a **book** about this new



adventure that we will publish in installments in the *Rodent's Gazette* with Thea's photographs and Trap's recipes."



All three of us tried to **protest**. "That's a terrible idea!" we cried in unison. But it was no good. Grandfather seemed to be **determined** to make this a bonding activity for us.

Yuck!

Grandfather grabbed us by the ears. "Grandkids, you will do what I say."





“You will leave immediately, and that’s that,” he continued.

The three of us exchanged **disappointed** glances. There was nothing to be done about it. I guessed I’d have to **F·O·R·G·I·V·E** them for opening my mail.

“Well, I guess since we’re doing this **together** . . .” Thea started.

Trap continued her thought: “Maybe we should . . .”





I finished the sentence: “Try to get **ALONG!**”

We hugged one another and then held out our **paws** to make a pact:

“We will **WORK** together to find this mysterious **treasure!**”

With that, we each went our separate ways to prepare for our **LONG** journey. We made a plan to meet up at the airport. Grandfather William had called in some **favours** to get us on the next available flight to **BRAZIL**.

Now that the adventure was about to begin, my whiskers trembled with excitement . . . **Secret treasure, prepare to be found!**

But my excitement quickly cooled into a sad cheese **puddle** on the plane. Thea could not sit still! She kept **jumping** up to take “test pictures” of me and Trap.

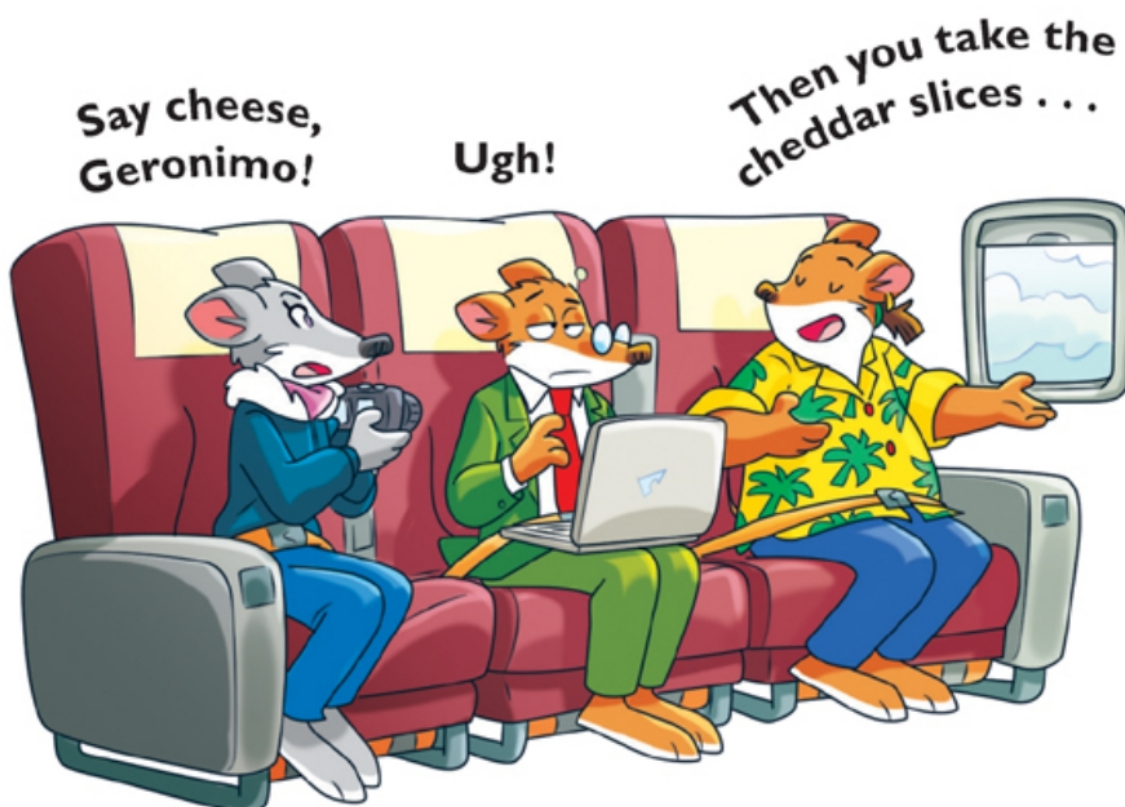
“Say cheese, Geronimo! Look over here! Now look over there! But be casual! You look



like a slice of stale provolone.” Thea lowered her camera and began **TWEAKING** some of the settings.

Trap seemed oblivious to Thea. Instead, he seemed to feel the need to go through each and every **cheese** recipe he’d ever prepared in his whole life.

Thundering cat tails! All I wanted to do was draft the introduction to my book about this journey, and then take a **NAP**! But it





was beginning to look like that wasn't going to happen . . .

Finally, the two of them drifted off to **sleep**. Now I could rest up for our **big** adventure. But just as I was shutting my eyes, I caught sight of a strange rodent in one of the rows in front of us.

He had **carrot-colored** fur and wore dark glasses. He had on a crumpled **raincoat** and a wide-brimmed hat. I could tell he was watching us from the tilt of his snout.

**WHY?
WHO COULD HE BE?
HAD HE HEARD US TALKING
ABOUT THE TREASURE?**



LET'S GO!

We landed at the **BRASÍLIA** airport in the capital of Brazil early in the morning. We made our way through the terminal and out to meet **ISABELA**.

Isabela is one of my very favorite **RODENTS**. She is smart and kind and has a fabumouse sense of humor.

She is one of my best friends, and I was excited to spend time together!



While Thea and Trap went to go get our baggage, Isabela ran to meet me and give me a giant hug.

"Geronimo, how mouserific to see you again!"

On Isabela's shoulder perched her pet parrot, **Bravo**. I reached out to pet him. "Bravo, you're as **handsome** as ever!" I cried. But Bravo only **squawked** and pecked my ear!

I couldn't take it any longer. I had to know more about why Isabela needed my help. "Tell me about this mysterious **treasure**!"

Isabela



HER PASSION

Cooking Brazilian cuisine!

HER SECRET

She loves fashion!

HER HOBBY

Exploring the incredimouse Brazilian forests.

HER BEST FRIEND

Her parrot, Bravo.

HER BIGGEST STRENGTH

Her fabumouse sense of humor.

HER FAVORITE DISH

Pão de queijo
(Brazilian cheese bread).

HER FAVORITE PHRASE

Vamos! (Let's go!)

The smile dropped from Isabela's snout. She looked around, as if she thought someone might be *spying* on us.

"I can tell you a little, but we must be *quiet* in such a crowded place," she said. She leaned forward to whisper in my ear.

"Pssss psssssss pssssss . . ." she squeaked.

"Huh? What are you saying!"

She *whispered* again, "Pssss pssss psssssssssssss!!!"

"Excuse me, I still can't hear —"

"Are your ears filled with cheese?" Isabela interrupted. "I said that there is a treasure of enormous value at stake!"

Suddenly, all the rodents around us turned to stare.

RANGID RAT TAILS!

"Shhh, Isabela—everymouse



is looking at us now!" My fur turned **PINK** with embarrassment.



Isabela laughed. "You **Silly** string cheese! I tried to talk softly, but you couldn't hear me!" She playfully swatted me with her paw. "You'll just have to wait until we get back to my farm to hear the whole incredimouse story."

Just then Thea and Trap arrived. "Oh, I can't wait to hear!" Thea cried.

"Let's get our tails on the road!" Trap **CHEERED**.

Isabela pointed to a nearby **red** jeep. "Everymouse inside and buckle up! Once we get home, I'll explain everything. **Vamos!**"

Thea and Trap **HOPPED** in the backseat

while I joined Isabela in the front. I had just settled in for a **QUIET** ride to the farm when she **PEELED** out of her parking spot at top speed.

I gripped my stomach with both paws. Oh no! I hoped I wouldn't get carsick! I hate going fast!

But Isabela didn't seem to notice my **distress**. She cranked up the volume on the car radio and began to sing along.

My fur turned a sickly shade of pale **GREEN**. There is no treasure that is worth this **WILD** ride!



SQUEAK!!!

I leaned my snout out the side of the jeep to gulp in some fresh air. Just then I noticed a big green jeep speed past us. It was going even faster than Isabela's jeep — if that was possible! The driver had fur as **orange** as carrot soup and wore dark sunglasses. I stroked my **whiskers**. He looked familiar. But I couldn't think from where! The only rodent in Brazil I knew was Isabela . . .

**WHO? WHO??
WHO COULD HE BE???**





THE LAND OF EMERALDS

Finally, we arrived at Isabela's ranch. She yelled, "Hooray, we're here!"

Thea and Trap both cheered.

"The adventure begins!" Thea cried. "Isn't it exciting, Geronimo?"

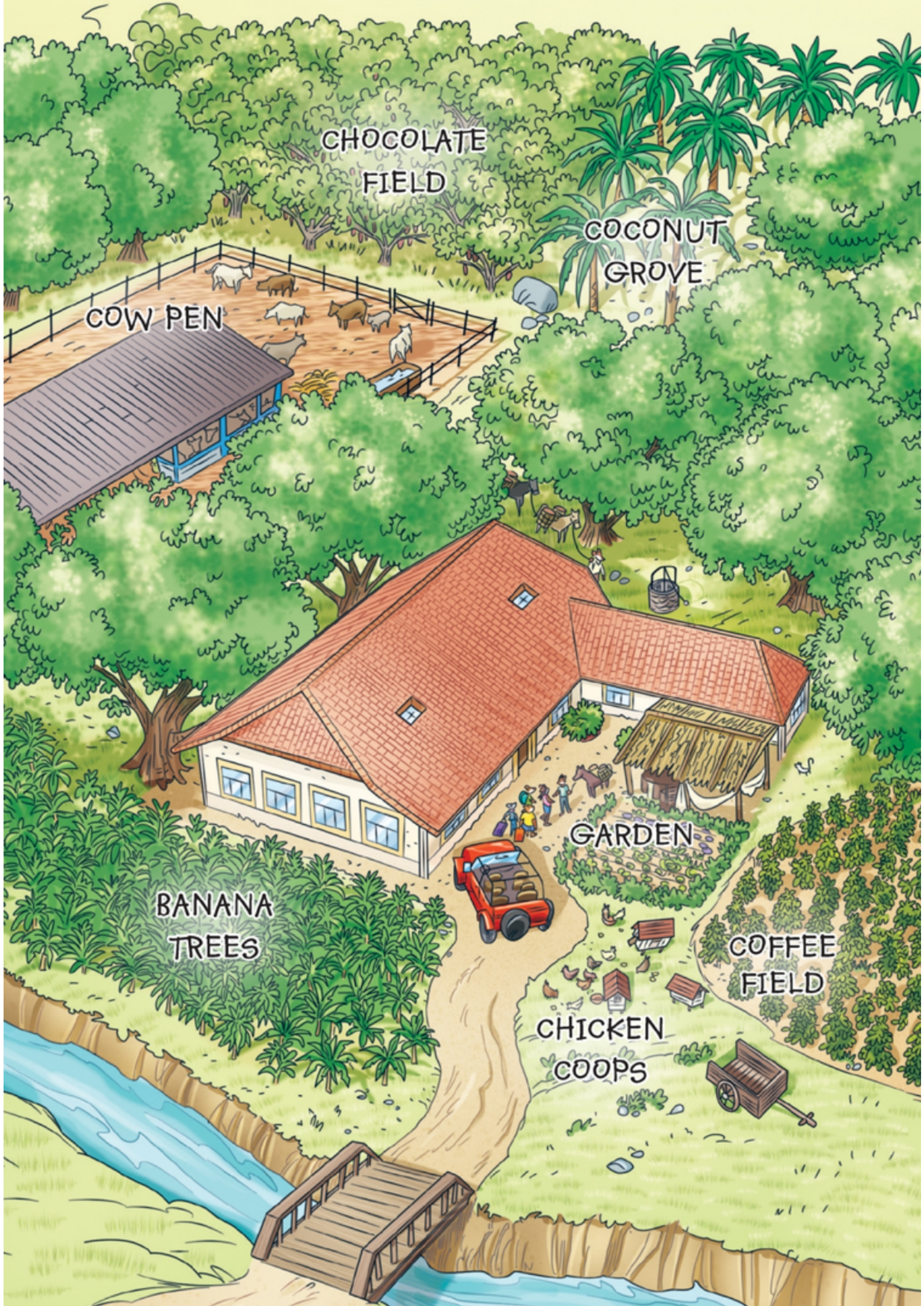
I could only muster a small nod. My stomach was still **spinning**!

"Geronimo! Are you okay?" She looked concerned. "It's not my driving, is it? Some rodents say I go too fast." She **LAUGHED**, and Thea and Trap joined in.

"Oh, um, no. Of course not! I am just a little **tired**, that's all," I said. It wasn't a total lie — I really was exhausted!

I quickly hopped out of the jeep. "I'd love





CHOCOLATE
FIELD

COCONUT
GROVE

COW PEN

GARDEN

BANANA
TREES

COFFEE
FIELD

CHICKEN
COOPS



a tour of this **fabumouse** ranch!" I said.

Thea and Trap climbed out of the jeep as well.

"I'd love to see your garden," Trap said.

"And I heard you keep cows!" Thea added.

Isabela **beamed** with pride. Her family had lived in the ancient house before us for generations.

"I'd **LOVE** to show you around!" she squeaked. "We do have cows and a garden, where we grow bananas, chocolate, coconut, and coffee. We also have chickens who provide us with plenty of fresh eggs."

But just as Isabela turned to lead us around, the sky overhead **darkened**. Lightning flashed and a **heavy rain** began to come down. Sudden storms like this are common in Brazil during the rainy season, but none of us were prepared!



“Every mouse inside!” Isabela called, guiding us toward the front door. As we ran, a **bolt of lightning** struck nearby, and all the lights in the house went out.

Inside Isabela’s house, we stopped to catch our breath. Looking out a front window, I could have sworn I spotted a **strange mouse** watching us. He had **orange** fur and dark glasses, just like the rodent I’d spotted on the road earlier. But I shook my snout to clear rainwater from my eyes, and no one was there.

“I’ll light a **candle!**” Isabel said. “The



tour will have to wait. But I have something important to show you in my **ATTIC**.”

We left our **wet** luggage in the hall and followed her up several flights of stairs to the very **top** of her house.

She led us to the darkest, **dustiest** corner of the attic. I did not like it up here!

“Last week I came up to organize in here.” Isabela spoke in hushed tones. “As I **dusted**, I noticed this **leather** trunk, on which there





were the initials A.C. I realized that it must have belonged to my great-grandfather Abe Cheeseworth.”

Isabela continued, “Great-Grandfather Abe was the greatest expert on precious stones in all of BRAZIL. His passion was EMERALDS. He even opened a mine in the center of Brazil that he called ‘The Land of Emeralds.’ Here he found a gigantic emerald, the legendary

EYE OF THE DRAGON!

But when Abe died, no mouse could find the emerald, even though they searched everywhere! It seemed to have DISAPPEARED forever. But . . .”

Shivers ran from the tip of my tail to the ends of my whiskers. “But . . . ?” I repeated.

Isabela grinned. “Let me show you!” She leaned down to open the trunk.





A SECRET REVEALED

Isabela rummaged for a long time in the trunk. She pulled out a **MINER'S HELMET**, a **pickaxe**, an old **KEY**, and a *diary*!

Carefully, Isabela flipped through the pages and held the journal out to us. Someone had placed a photo of Abe Cheeseworth within the pages of the book. He had **THICK** whiskers and a broad smile. Under his photo was thin, faded writing. I leaned my snout down toward the page to get a closer look.

I started to read: “*Do you wish to discover my secret and find out where the Eye of the Dragon is? Then you must follow your heart*”



MINER'S HELMET



PICKAXE



OLD KEY



*and be **KIND** to your fellow mouse. Or you'll be left with empty paws!"*

Isabela sighed.

"I studied this *mysterious message* for a long time, but I still don't really understand what it means. That's why I called you, Geronimo. You've **solved** so many cases, I thought for sure you could help me find this hidden **treasure**, too!"

I gulped. Isabela looked so **hopeful**. I couldn't disappoint her! But this message didn't make any sense to me, either!

I put my right paw over my **heart**.
"Isabela, I will do anything to help you find

The Eye of the Dragon

Brazil has many areas in which emeralds can be mined. I, Abe Cheeseworth, opened a mine in central Brazil that I call "the Land of Emeralds." It is where I discovered a gigantic emerald known as "Eye of the Dragon." The Eye of the Dragon is a very special emerald. It's an intense green color and larger than a chicken egg, making it very rare.

The Mohs' Scale

In 1812, a famous German mineral scholar, Friedrich Mohs, invented a rule for evaluating the hardness of minerals. He used ten minerals for reference and numbered them from one to ten according to these criteria: Each one could scratch the one before it and be scratched by those that followed. For example, talc cannot scratch any mineral, but it can be scratched by all the others, and a diamond cannot be scratched by any other minerals, but it can scratch all the others.



10 - Diamond



9 - Corundum



8 - Topaz



7 - Quartz



6 - Orthoclase
Feldspar



5 - Apatite



4 - Fluorite



3 - Calcite



2 - Gypsum



1 - Talc



Do you wish to discover my secret and find out where the Eye of the Dragon is? Then you must follow your heart and be **KIND** to your fellow mouse. Or you'll be left with empty paws! -



the Eye of the Dragon . . . *I swear on my family's secret mozzarella recipe!*"

Trap darted over and put his own paw over his heart. "And I solemnly swear to step in and find the **treasure** when Geronimo messes everything up." He grinned at me, but I **scowled**.

Thea playfully swatted Trap on the arm. "Well then, I also promise to help with the search, Isabela — especially because these

*I swear on my
family's secret
mozzarella recipe!*



Thanks!





two **CHEDDARHEADS** will probably mess it up!”

Isabela’s eyes welled up. “Thanks, all of you. It means so much to me —”

Just then Isabela was interrupted by an enormous crack of **THUNDER** and a flash of **LIGHTNING**. The windows rattled and we all **jumped**.

I was so surprised that I reached for Thea’s hand and instead bumped into Isabela’s candle. It fell right toward the fragile diary! Quickly, I dove forward and caught it just in time. **Melty mozzarella sticks!** It would have burned in seconds. And it would have been all my fault!





My whiskers trembled. “*Phew! That was close . . .*”

“Geronimo!” Thea cried. “You have to be more **careful!**”

“That diary is our only clue,” Trap **grumbled.**

But Isabela waved her paws excitedly in the air. “Look! When the heat of the candle got near the diary, a *secret message* appeared. It must have been written in heat-activated ink!”

“**Thundering cat tails!**” Thea squeaked.

“I can’t believe Geronimo’s clumsy ways have finally helped us out!” Trap said, shaking his snout in disbelief.

“Hey!” I said. But I was **SURPRISED**, too. We leaned in to try to make out what had been written there.



First Secret Message

If you want to find the Eye of the Dragon,
here is where you must look . . .

Where is the kingdom of Samba . . . ?
You cannot find it in a book!

Let the hunt for the secret treasure begin
right quick.

Look for the biggest feet in the city —
this is not a trick!

Look under those feet to find the second clue.
Read it well, don't feel blue!

Good luck searching for the dragon's eye.
Be brave, and let your feet fly!



BUT FIRST — A SNACK!

Thea, Trap, and I read and reread the **riddle** but couldn't make sense of it. A few minutes later, I heard strange noises. "**GLBBB, GLLLGNNBBGG, GNLLGBGNNN . . .**" "Sorry, guys," Trap said. "My stomach is growling like a **LION**. What do you say we break for snack time? Isabela, you wouldn't have any cheese-and-pickle sandwiches lying around, would you?" Trap looked at Isabela **hopefully**.

She laughed and tucked the diary away. "I have something even better — **Brazilian cheese bread**, or pão de queijo!"

Isabela led us back downstairs and into the ranch's large kitchen. A fire burned in



the fireplace. Beautiful blue and white tiles decorated an **enormouse** indoor woodstove. After being upstairs in the dark attic, the kitchen felt very safe and **cozy**.

Isabela disappeared into a pantry room and returned with a basket of delicious-smelling cheese breads. *Yum yum yum!*

For a few minutes, the kitchen was silent, except for the sounds of our **H·A·P·P·Y** chewing. The bread was **mouserific!**

“These have to go into our article for the *Gazette*,” I said.

“What a fabumouse idea!” Thea agreed. She got out her camera so she could take **PHOTOGRAPHS**.

Trap asked Isabela for the recipe, and she started to write it down for him.

“These are so good, Isabela!” Trap said, stuffing another piece of **cheese** bread



Thanks for
the recipe!

Delicious!

Yum!

I'm glad you liked
the cheese bread!

into his snout. "I can't wait to make them myself when we get home." He munched happily. "Hey, Geronimo, how many do you think you could eat in an hour?"

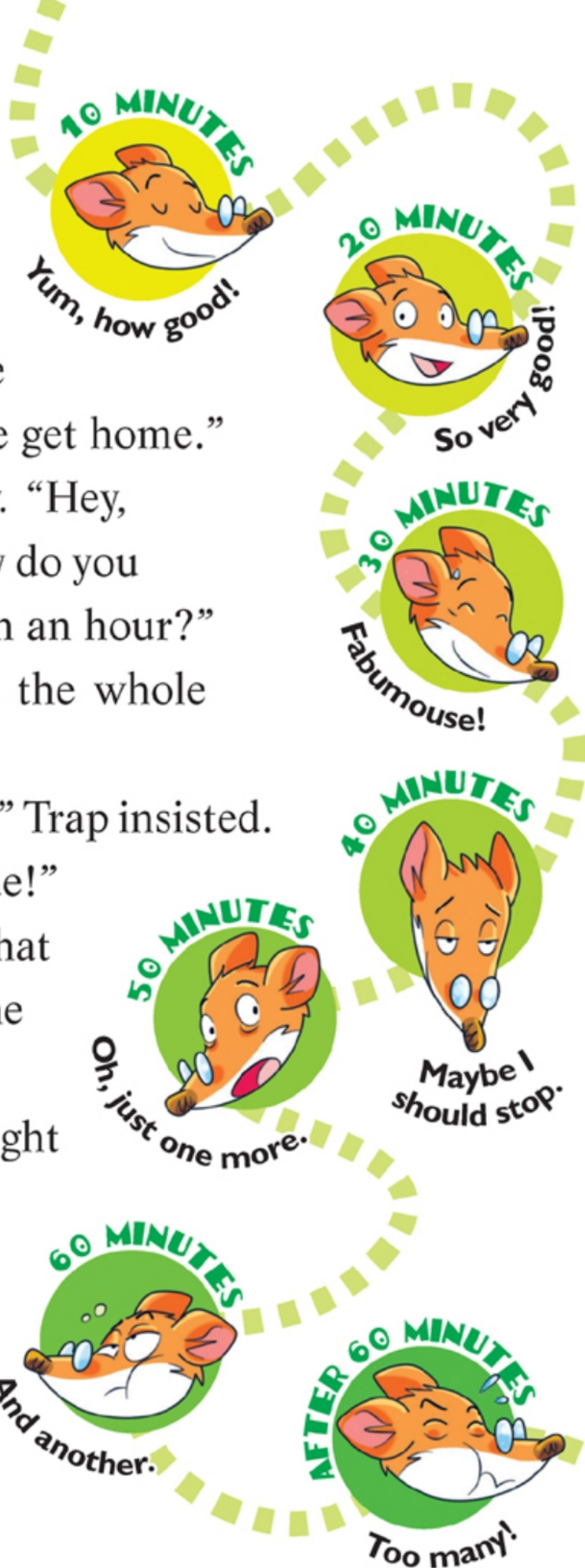
"I bet I could eat the whole bowl," I said.

"The whole thing?!" Trap insisted. "Let's see if that's true!"

I ate so many that pretty soon, I had the worst stomachache.

Luckily, Isabel brought me a *hot cup of cheddar tea*.

As soon as I drank it, I felt much better.



PÃO DE QUEIJO

OR BRAZILIAN CHEESE BREAD

Pão de queijo is typical Brazilian cheese bread made with cheese and tapioca flour.

INGREDIENTS: 4 cups tapioca flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups milk, 6 tablespoons oil, salt, 2 large eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups grated Parmesan cheese, 1 cup shredded mozzarella cheese

ALWAYS GET A
GROWN-UP TO
HELP!

PREPARATION: Measure tapioca flour into a bowl. Set aside. In a pot, mix the water, milk, oil, and a pinch of salt. Bring the mixture to a boil. As soon as it is boiling, turn off the burner and pour the entire contents of the pot onto the tapioca flour. Mix the liquid into the tapioca flour quickly until it forms a soft, sticky dough. Let it cool for a few minutes. Now add the eggs one at a time, mixing the dough well after each one. Then add the cheeses, and knead them into the dough until everything is well combined. Now it is time to form the individual cheese breads! To shape the balls, wet your hands with a little cold water. Use a spoon to scoop out dough and then roll it into golf ball-sized balls. Place balls of dough on a parchment-lined baking tray. Bake them in the oven at 400°F for 15–20 minutes.



I sat at the large kitchen **table**, sipping my tea and poring over the mysterious riddle. It didn't make any sense. There must be something I was missing.

Trap shook his **snout**. He was as confused as I was. "The kingdom of Samba? And



the largest feet in the city? Great balls of mozzarella, I don't understand a thing!!!”

At the other end of the table, Thea was doing research on her computer. Suddenly, she **squeaked** so loudly that I nearly fell out of my seat.

“That’s it! Listen up, **cheddarheads**. I’ve figured out the first part of the riddle. The kingdom of Samba is the city of **Rio de Janeiro**. Every year, at Carnival, they dance the samba for four nights in a row! That has to be it!” She **slammed** her laptop shut. “We have to go there, right now!”

Right now?! But I was just getting comfortable here!

“**VAMOS**, Geronimo,” Isabela urged me. “We don’t even have to go back to the airport — I have a plane right here.” She pointed a paw toward the window. Outside,



I could see there was a small plane parked on a **tiny** runway.

Gulp.

Thea and Trap grabbed their stuff and ran for the plane. I jogged along slowly behind Isabela. “Maybe there’s a taxi I could take instead?” I squeaked.

Isabela just laughed and pulled me into the plane.

Just as I buckled my seat belt, Isabela took off like a rocket down the runway, and we **lurched** into the air.

“Rio de Janeiro, here we come!” she cheered.

“Hooray!” Thea and Trap yelled together.

“Heeeeeeeelp!” I squeaked.

I kept my eyes squeezed closed for the whole rest of the flight. When we finally touched down, I sighed with relief. Back on



solid ground outside the plane, I melted onto the tarmac like a puddle of cheddar soup.

"Geronimo, get up!" Isabela demanded. "I've brought you to one of the most marvemouse cities in the world, and you're missing it!"

I **groaned** but let her pull me to my feet.

"Let's go, Geronimo," she said. "We have a **treasure** to find!"





WELCOME TO RIO!

As soon as we arrived in the center of Rio de Janeiro, I began to feel much better. I could hear music so lively, it made me want to **dance**. I **twitched** my tail to the beat as we followed Isabela through crowds of people.

“Welcome to Carnival!” Isabela said.

We found ourselves immersed in a river of people who all danced to the **rhythm of the music** and they carried us through the streets of the city!

CARNIVAL in RIO DE JANEIRO

Carnival in Rio de Janeiro is a fabulous celebration. There are many neighborhood festivals, lots of music and dancing in the streets, and mouthwatering food. The main attraction of Carnival is the world-famous Samba Parade in the Sambadrome, a special arena built as a parade ground. The very top samba groups from around Rio compete to see who is the best!

- LA SAMBA -

Isabela taught us all how to dance the samba . . . Now you can try, too!



1) Start with your feet together.



2) Bring your left foot behind you.



3) Then bring your right foot to match the left foot.

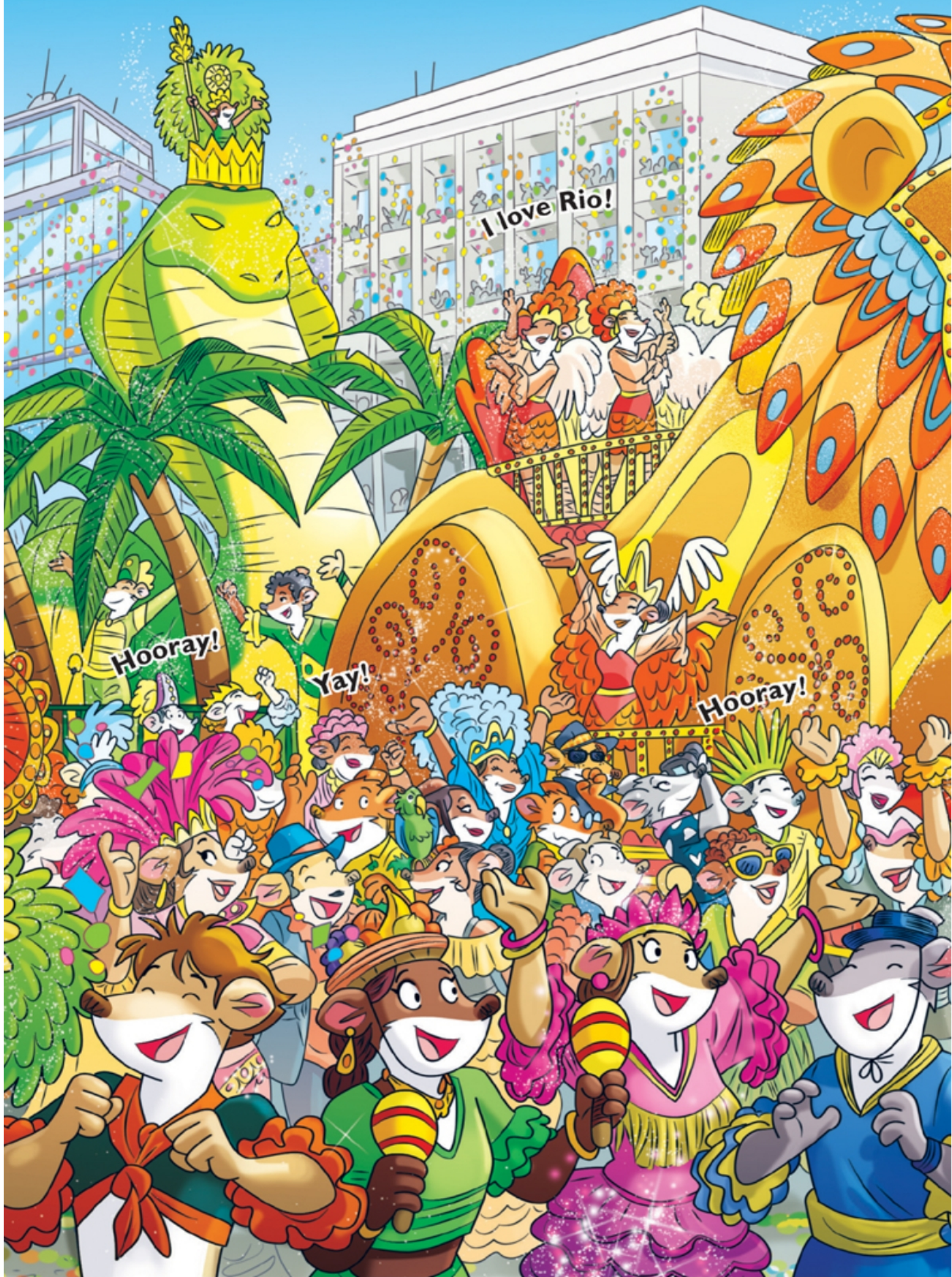


4) Now bring your right foot behind you.



5) Then bring your left foot to match the right foot.

The **samba** is a typical Brazilian dance that originated in Africa.



I love Rio!

Hooray!

Yay!

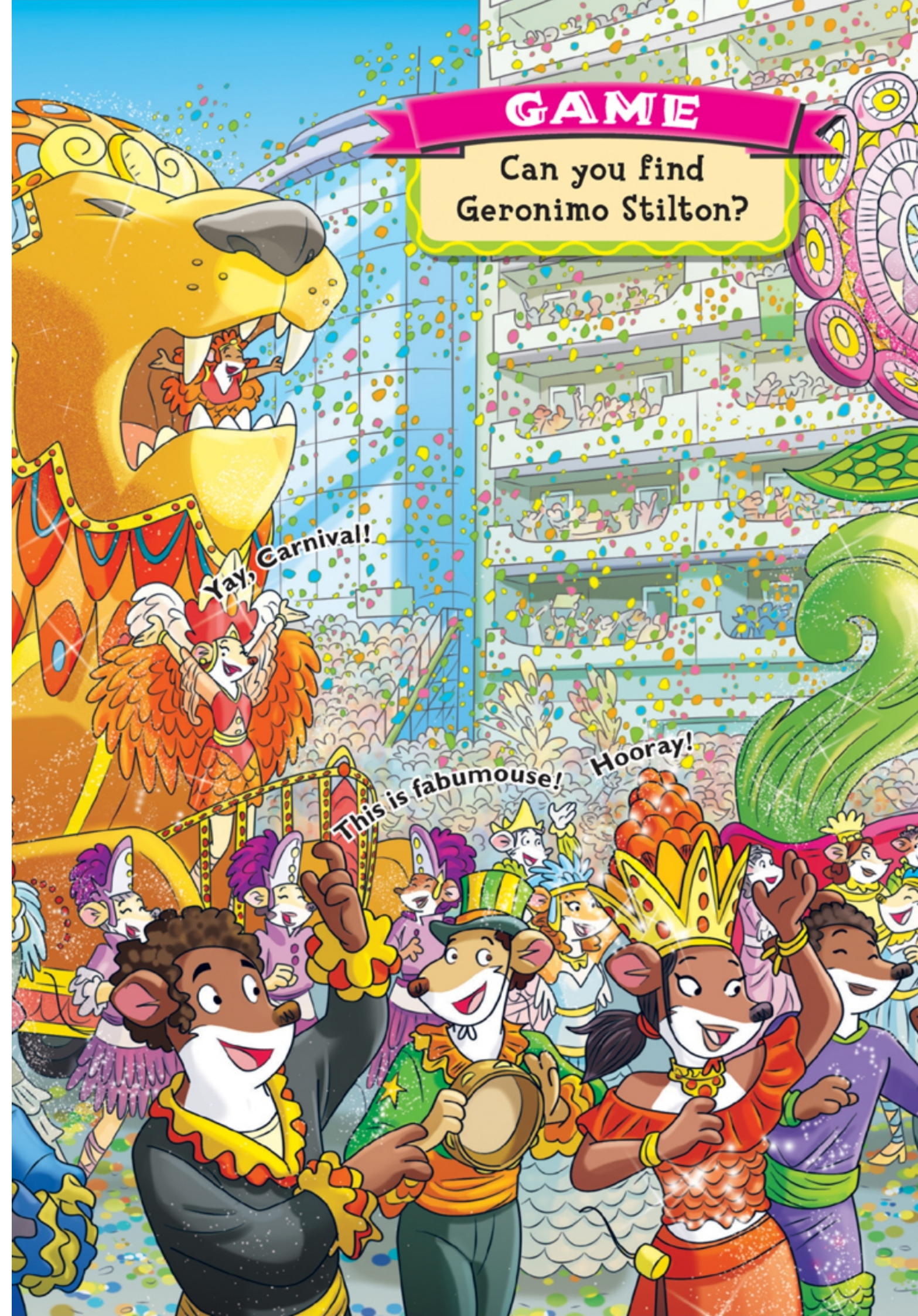
Hooray!

GAME

Can you find
Geronimo Stilton?

Yay, Carnival!

This is fabumouse! Hooray!





We all tried to learn how to **SAMBA**. Thea and Trap caught on quickly. I . . . did not.

“Geronimo, what are you doing?” Thea asked, looking at my **flailing** paws.

“I’m dancing the samba, of course!” I snapped.

Trap shook his snout. “You look less like a samba dancer and more like a drowning rat!” He and Thea laughed.

“Let’s stop **joking** around and get to work,” Isabela said. “The riddle said



something about mice with **BIG** feet. Let's look around at all the feet we can find!"

There were many feet around us, wearing all different kinds of shoes. We saw shoes made of cloth or leather, with **heels** and without heels, with straps or without. Some were decorated with **sparkles** and **pearls**. Others were polka-dotted or covered in **leopard** print. We saw shoes of almost every color in the rainbow: gold, silver, white, black, red, blue, yellow, and green. Some mice had bigger feet than others,

but none seemed big enough to fit the riddle.

As we looked, I caught a glimpse of **carrot-colored** fur through the crowd. Could it be that mysterious rodent I had spotted so many times? Was he following us? **Crusty cat tails!** Why would he do that?

WHY?
WHY, WHY?

Slowly, we made our way out of the throng of samba dancers. I was so tired, my whiskers **DROOPED**. What a day!

My legs hurt from all the dancing. My tail hurt from having been caught in a parade float. My feet hurt from being stepped on. I was a real piece of **BURNT** toast. And after all that, we were no closer to finding the **treasure!**

You ate so many pieces
of cheese bread!



Oof!



You danced so much!



You got stepped
on so many times!



Your poor tail got
caught under a float!



My stomach **gurgled** because I had eaten so many pieces of cheese bread earlier in the day.

I had had enough!

“Why don’t we take a break?” I suggested. “I saw a **cute** cheese smoothie place over there.”

“Don’t be a **silly** string cheese, Geronimo,” Thea said. “We have to keep looking. Come on, I have a great idea!”



THE MOST ENORMOUSE FEET IN RIO DE JANEIRO!

It turned out that Thea's great idea was just more walking around. We left the **parade** of Carnival floats behind and instead visited what seemed like every shoe store in the country.

"Surely they will know something about **BIG FEET** that could help us!"

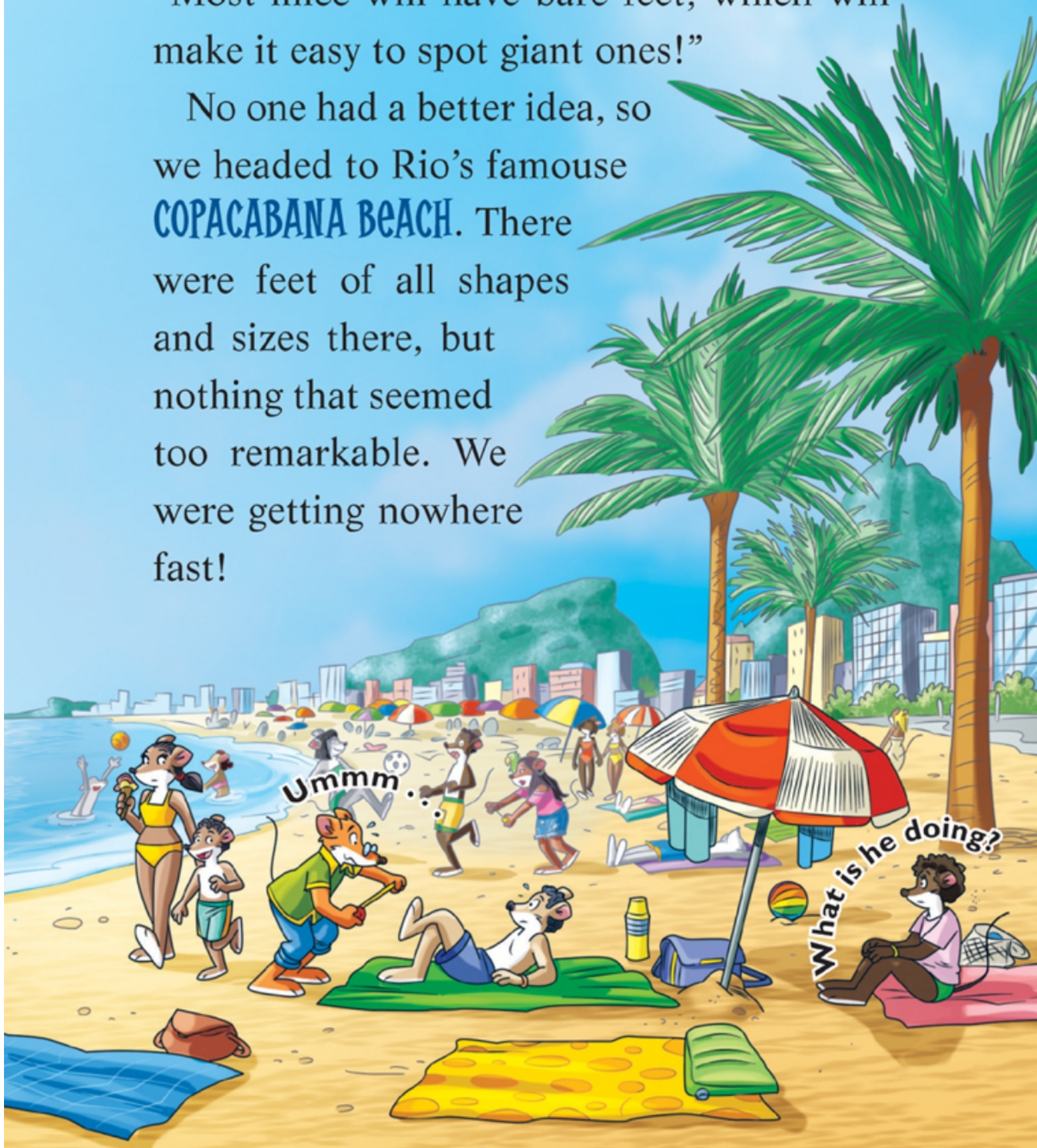
But after many stops, it was clear we weren't getting anywhere.





“How about the beach?” Trap suggested. “Most mice will have bare feet, which will make it easy to spot giant ones!”

No one had a better idea, so we headed to Rio’s famous **COPACABANA BEACH**. There were feet of all shapes and sizes there, but nothing that seemed too remarkable. We were getting nowhere fast!





“What if the big feet don’t belong to a rodent?” Isabela wondered.

“What do you mean?” Thea asked.

“We need to think bigger,” Isabela said. “Much bigger!” She **wiggled** her whiskers.

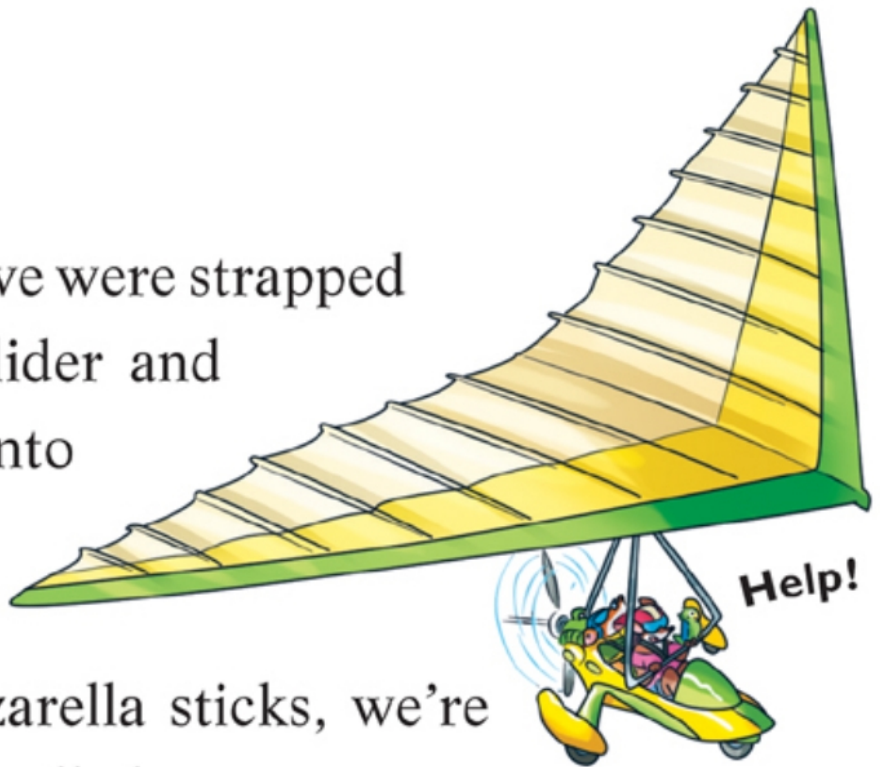
I shivered because her ideas are always **TOO** exciting for me, but she continued, “Let’s fly, Geronimo!”

Before I could say no, Isabela had already headed off to rent a hang glider. I jogged after her. How bad could it be?

SQUEAK!



In minutes, we were strapped into a hang glider and launched into the air like a cheese pizza.



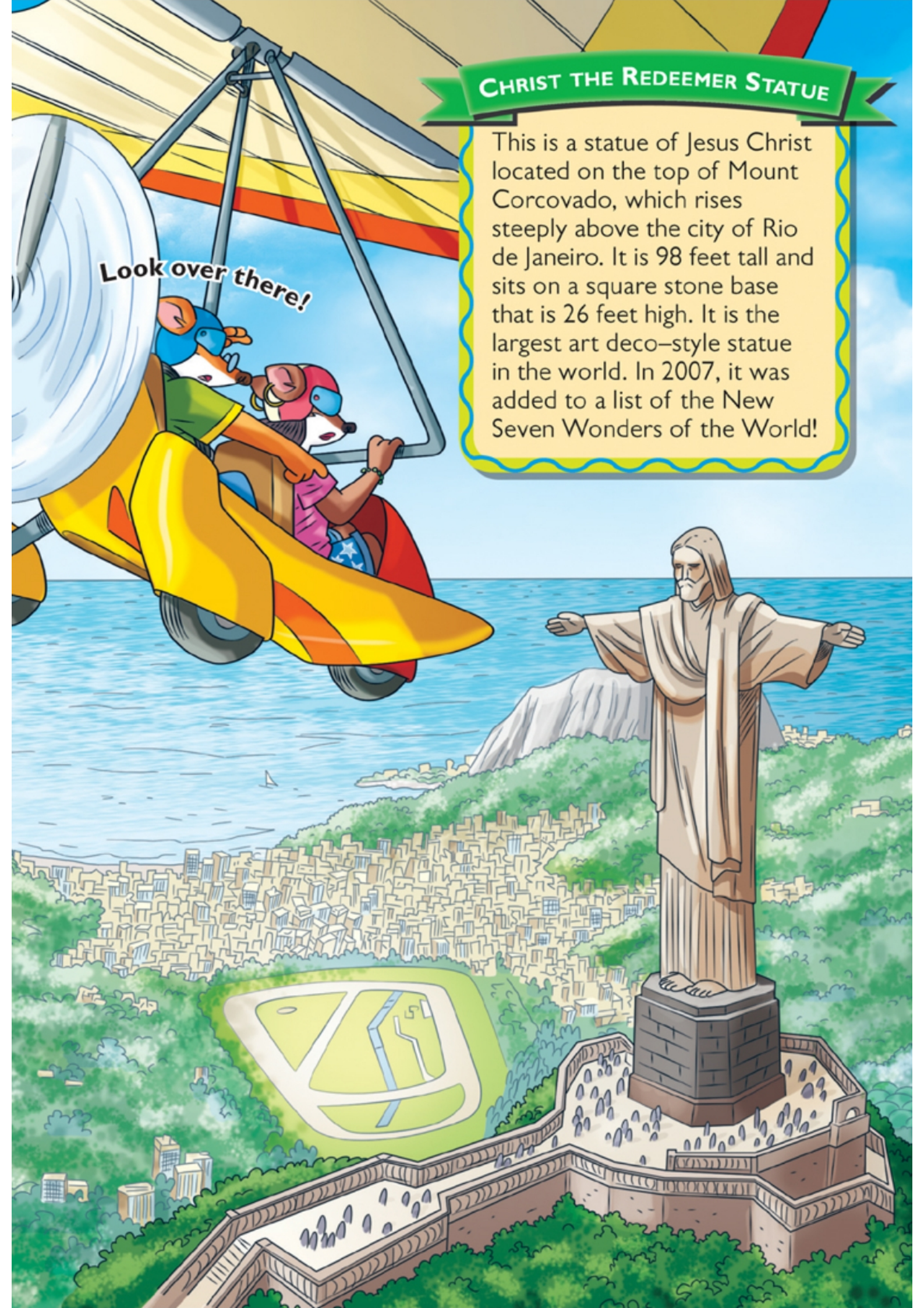
“Melly mozzarella sticks, we’re so high up!” I yelled.

I’m afraid of heights! “**HeeeeeeeLP!**” I cried, but there was no one around to hear me. Just seagulls drifting on warm air currents. They made flying look so **EASY!**

“Doesn’t the city look fabumouse from up here?” Isabela yelled. “Geronimo, don’t close your eyes — you’ll miss everything!”

Carefully I opened one eye and then the other. My stomach did **flip-flops**.

I tried to concentrate on finding the secret **treasure** as we glided over the city. We could see everything from up here! We



CHRIST THE REDEEMER STATUE

Look over there!

This is a statue of Jesus Christ located on the top of Mount Corcovado, which rises steeply above the city of Rio de Janeiro. It is 98 feet tall and sits on a square stone base that is 26 feet high. It is the largest art deco-style statue in the world. In 2007, it was added to a list of the New Seven Wonders of the World!



passed beaches packed with tourists, parks filled with rodents out enjoying the weather, and lots of colorful buildings. But nothing that seemed like it was related to the riddle.

That is, until we flew over an enormous statue. My jaw dropped. My fur stood on end. “Isabela! Look!”

She turned to see where I was pointing a paw and gasped. The giant statue had what we had been searching for: enormous feet!

Isabela landed the glider expertly near the base of the statue, and we texted Trap and Thea to come meet us.

As we waited for them, I walked around to the front of the statue. How would we ever get up to where the base ended and the actual statue started? I twisted my tail in my paws. Maybe if I jumped really high, I could grab on somewhere.



I bent my knees and gathered up all the **STRENGTH** I had. As I jumped into the air, Isabela came up behind me.

“Geronimo, what in the name of creamy **cheese** curds are you doing?” she asked.

Distracted by her question, I came **crashing** down! I rolled over a few times, and my paw knocked into a small, round indentation at the very bottom of the statue’s base.

“Oof,” I muttered.

“Geronimo, you did it!” Isabela said, pointing.

I turned my snout to see a **HiDDeN** compartment that had opened and an antique-looking scroll that had rolled out!

This was another clue on this strange **treasure hunt**!

Second Secret Message

*If you want to find the
Dragon's Eye, listen to me —*

Go to the land where the parrots flee.

*Hunt for the next clue near a village
where they can cook*

*The very best feijoadá — a recipe not
found in any book!*

Then seek out a lovely garden over there

*And dig under seven stones lit by the
sun's glare.*

Good luck searching for the Dragon's Eye.

Be brave, and let your feet fly!



THE LAND OF PARROTS

When Thea and Trap found us, they were *excited* to read the second riddle.

“This one is easier than the first,” Isabela said. “We need to go to *Pantanal*. It’s a nature reserve where you can find the most incredimouse *birds*: more than six hundred and fifty different species!”

We took a taxi back to Isabela’s plane and headed to Pantanal.





As soon as we landed, we made our way to the river and rented a flat-bottomed **BOAT**.

“There’s only room for three of us in the boat,” Isabela said. “One **lucky** rodent will get to ride on these water skis.”

“Geronimo, you should do the **skis**,” Trap suggested. “It will make for a **mouserific** article in the *Gazette*!”

Before I could object, the others had **HOPPED** into the boat. Sighing, I strapped on the skis and signaled that I was ready.

ZOOM!! Isabela hit the gas and I was practically flying through the water!



THE PANTANAL

THE WILD HEART OF BRAZIL

The name Pantanal comes from the Portuguese *pântano*, which means "swamp." But this is no ordinary swamp. The Pantanal region is actually the world's largest tropical wetland. It is found in the center of South America, mostly in the state of Mato Grosso do Sul in Brazil and also partly in Bolivia and Paraguay.



The Pantanal region is home to an incredible array of plants and animals: 236 mammal species, 463 bird species, 269 fish species, and 141 reptile and amphibian species.

Animals like iguanas, anteaters, anacondas, capybaras, peccaries, tapirs, jaguars, and rheas call the Pantanal home.



The Pantanal is around 54,000 to 62,000 square miles in size — roughly the size of the state of Georgia!



In 2000, the Pantanal was added to the UNESCO World Heritage Site List, for its "exceptional universal value." Other landmarks on this list include the Statue of Liberty and Yellowstone National Park.





“Look at those **amazing** crocodiles, Geronimo!” Isabela called back to me.

I turned to look, and my whiskers nearly fell out they shook so much! The crocodiles **snapped** their jaws at me. “AHHHH!” I screamed.

“This is so **magical**,” I heard Thea exclaim as she took pictures from the front of the boat.

I was very ready for the magic to be over! And thankfully, it finally was. Isabela pulled the boat over to a small cottage. From here on, the water was too shallow for the big boat.

Gratefully, I undid my skis and **scampered** onto dry ground.

“Geronimo, pass me that rope there, and I’ll tie up the boat,” Isabela called.

I reached down and grabbed what I



thought was a rope.

This was one strange rope. It was warm and scaly and – **A SNAKE!!!**

“Help! Help! Help!” I yelled. I had accidentally picked up an enormous anaconda!



The anaconda opened its mouth **wide** and flicked its tongue at me. I was paralyzed with **fear**.

Fortunately, Isabela wasn't! She leaped out of the boat and ran at the snake, scaring it away.

I flopped onto the ground. “Phew!”

“No time for a rest, Geronimo! We must keep going!” Isabela cried.

To my **SURPRISE**, our next stage of the journey was on the back of water



buffalos! They were not my favorite form of transportation, but Thea did snap a fabumouse picture of me!

By evening, we had finally reached a stopping point at a *small* village inn. *Phew!* I was starving! Lucky for me, we headed right to dinner. We got to try two traditional Brazilian dishes: *churrasco*, which is barbecued meat, and *feijoada*, which is a bean stew. It was fabumouse!

Trap talked to the woman who had prepared our meals, and jotted down *notes* for his *Gazette* article. Thea *snapped* a few pictures of all of us eating.

FEIJOADA

The name comes from the Portuguese word *feijão*, which means “bean.” It is a stew of pork, beans, and spices typical of Brazil. It is generally accompanied by white rice.



As I was licking the last of the bean stew from my *whiskers*, Isabela leaned in to whisper something to me. “My great-grandfather always said that this village had the best feijoada in all **BRAZIL**. I’ve brought us here because I’m positive we must be close to the next *secret* message!”

“Let’s start our search *bright* and *early* tomorrow!” Thea suggested. “The secret message said something about a garden with seven stones. *Hopefully* that won’t be hard to find!”

I groaned. That sounded like it would be as hard as searching for a specific grain of Parmesan cheese at a spaghetti restaurant. But we had come all this way — *we had to try!*

The next day, we searched the village for



a group of **SEVEN** stones. To my surprise, it didn't take long!

"Look!" Trap called, pointing a paw at a circle of **SEVEN** white stones that were roughly in the shape of a heart. "That must be it!"

He tossed me a shovel and I started to dig. With a **GLINK**, I hit something hard — it was a small **METAL** box with the third message hidden inside!



Third Secret Message

You're getting close, don't stop now!

Go back to the mine, take a bow.

Pull the chain and go for a ride.

Let the darkness be your guide.

At the end is a statue made of rock.

Grab your prize, don't be blocked.

Good luck searching for the Dragon's Eye.

Be brave, and let your feet fly!



INTO THE MINE!

We were headed to where it all originally began — the mine where Abe Cheeseworth found the *emerald* in the first place.

“Come, I know where the mine is located,” Isabela yelled. “It’s a bit of a journey from here, but you three are the most adventuremouse rodents I know. For you, it will be **a piece of cheesecake!**”

Did she know me at all?? I was beginning to think not . . .

Before I could squeak out an objection, Isabela had flagged down a passing truck.

“The driver says he can take us all the way,” Isabela said, waving a paw for us to *hop* on board. “Geronimo, you don’t mind keeping the *chickens* company, do you?”

The driver says they can get lonely.”

With a sigh, I climbed aboard. The journey was so long that by the time we had arrived, the chickens had heard my life story three times over! But finally, we arrived in an area of Brazil called **Bahia**. It is known for its many mines that are **RICH** with **EMERALDS**.

The truck driver pulled over to let us off, and then he **promised** to come back for us before **Nightfall**. Eeep. I hoped he would come back! **FINALLY**, we were going to see the





Follow me!

mine where Abe Cheeseworth had first discovered the Eye of the Dragon. And maybe we were about to find it again!

Isabela pulled out the **key** from the trunk in her attic. Then she inserted it into the **rusty** lock on the door to the mine. It slowly opened to reveal a **DARK** and **dusty** interior.

My whiskers shook. I couldn't believe we had to go in there!



“Follow me!” Isabela said. She switched on her **eLeCtRiC** lantern and motioned for us to follow her inside.

“The clue said something about a mysterimouse rock statue,” Thea said. “I bet once we find that, we’ll find the **EMERALD!**”

But after looking around for what seemed like hours, we had to admit that finding the **statue** wasn’t going to be as easy as we’d thought . . .

Which was disappointing because I really had to use the **bathroom**! “Um, Isabela,” I finally squeaked out, “is there a **bathroom** anywhere in here?”

Isabela pointed a paw at a door a few feet away from us. “You’re in **luck**, Geronimo, it’s actually right there!”

I darted off, but behind me,





I'm sure nothing bad will happen.



Heeeeeeeeeelp!



Isabela called out a warning: “Just be careful of the **GHOST**! Rumor has it that the spirit of an **old miner** lurks in these tunnels, and that he enjoys playing jokes on **SCAREDY-MICE**.”

MY WHISKERS TREMBLED.

I opened the door to the bathroom as quiet as a mouse, but nothing jumped out at me. **PHew!** There was even **TOILET PAPER**, though it had been munched on by insects!

Only when I raised my paw to **flush the toilet** did I notice a sign written

in **PORTUGUESE** . . .

Hmm, I didn't know what it said. Probably just something like "please remember to flush the toilet."

I reached up to flush the **toilet**, but as soon as I pulled the old-fashioned chain, a **trapdoor** opened under my feet!!!

"**Heeeeeeelp!** I'm faaaalling!" I yelled. **Faster** and **Faster** I plummeted down a dark tunnel. It was like a long winding twisty slide — but not **FUN** at all!

Above me, I heard Thea,





Trap, and then Isabela all cry out. I could tell they must have come after me and were also **sliding** through the darkness.

WHEN WOULD IT END??

I finally landed in an old mine cart, in a **dimly** lit tunnel. Thea, Trap, and Isabela soon fell into the cart after me.

Only Isabela looked **happy**. “I know this seems **strange**, but I have a feeling we’re on the right track,” she said. She pointed a

**We’re on the
right track!**

Gulp!





paw ahead into the tunnel. “Look, I think this lever is how we get it to move!” She and Trap pulled down on the lever together, and the mine cart **creakily** moved down the tracks.

It went **FASTER** and **FASTER**.

“**Heeeeeeelp**, I want to get oooooout!” I screamed.

Isabela tried to pull the lever back, but it **broke** off in her paws!



A cartoon illustration of a mine cart on tracks inside a cave. The cart is filled with four animals: a white mouse, a brown bear, a pink pig, and an orange cat. A green parrot is flying above the cart. The cave walls are rocky and grey, with some green gemstones visible on the left. A pile of grey rocks is on the right. The scene is dimly lit, with light coming from the entrance of the mine.

Oh no!

This can't
get any worse!

EMERALD MINES

Emeralds have been highly sought after precious stones since antiquity. The first emerald mines were in operation as far back as 1500 BCE. (That's over 3,500 years ago!) Today Colombia is the world's largest producer of emeralds.





“Geronimo, stay **calm**!” Thea yelled.
“You’re not helping!”

Isabela’s parrot grew upset at all the shouting and began to peck at my ear.
“**Caw! Caw! Caw!**”

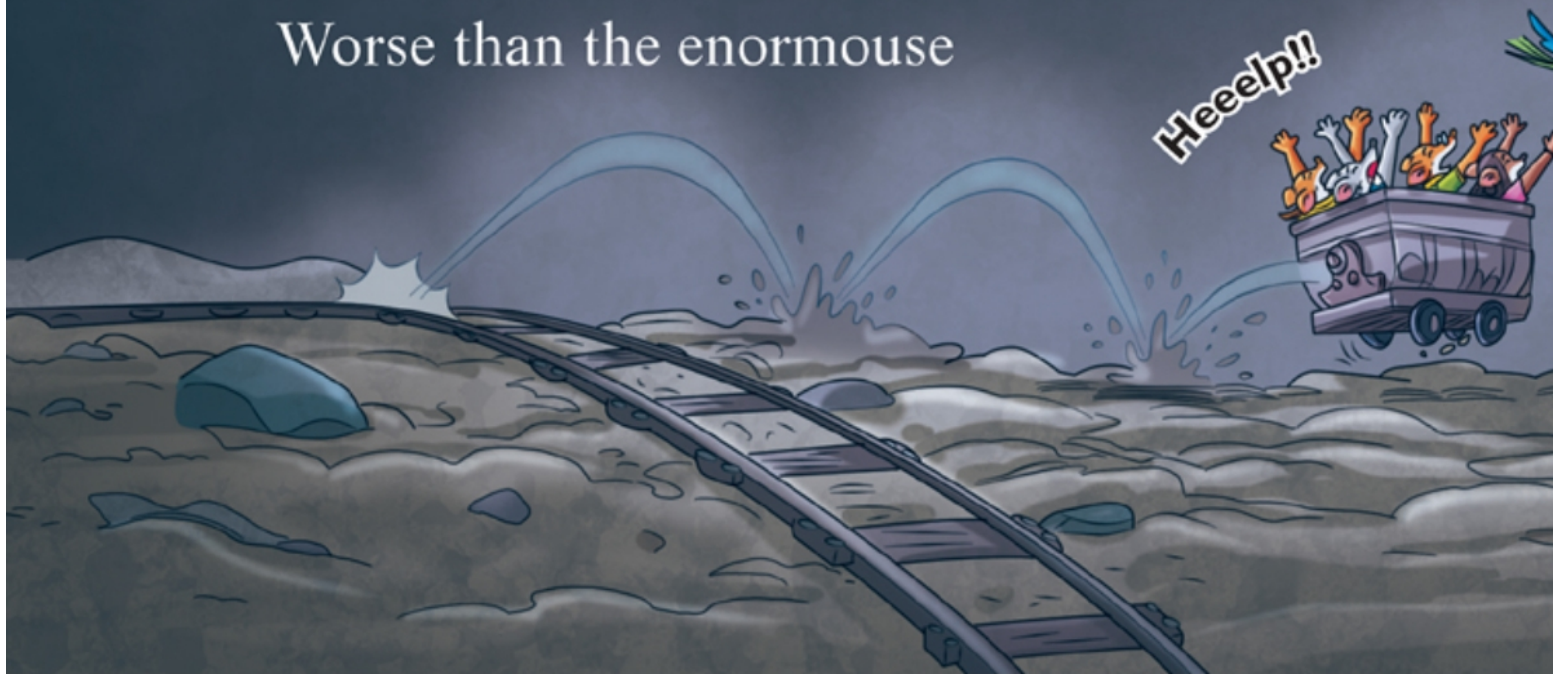
“This can’t get any worse,” I moaned.

The mine cart shot through a dark cavern full of **BATS**!

Then the mine cart went flying around a **SHARP** curve and directly into some enormous spiderwebs! **Yuck!**

“Eeek!” I screamed. I even heard Thea gasp, and she’s not usually **SCARED** of anything!

Worse than the enormous





spiderwebs were the giant
Spiders who lived there!

They had **many, many,**
many eyes that glowed like giant,
terrible Frisbees.

The spiders tried to crawl after us, but we
were too **fast**. We sped deeper into the
cavern and the light went even **DARKER**.
Then, with a sudden **CRACK**, one of the
wheels snapped off and shot into the **INKY**
blackness.

The mine cart ground to a halt in a
deserted-looking tunnel.

Eeep! Was this how
our long journey was
going to end?





SEEING EYE TO EYE

Trap, Thea, Isabela, and I climbed out of the broken mine cart.

“Look!” Thea said.

“Are the **SPIDERS** back?!” I cried, looking around the **DARKNESS**.

“No,” Trap chimed in. “It’s a **DRAGON!**”

Luckily it wasn’t a real dragon . . . As I looked down at the end of the tunnel, I saw what everyone was so excited about: a big rock in the shape of a **DRAGON**. And where the dragon’s eye would be, a beautiful green stone **sparkled** like nothing I had ever seen before.

“Great gobs of glistening mozzarella,” I whispered.

Isabela let out a shriek. “**Hooray!!!**”



Wow!

It's enormous!



WE FOUND THE EYE OF THE DRAGON!

She scrambled up the dragon
and plucked the emerald from
the rock.

“Wow, it’s enormouse!”
Trap said. “It’s bigger than
an egg!”

A **RUSTLING** noise
interrupted us. To our
surprise, a strange
rodent emerged from
the darkness behind
us. He had carrot-
colored fur and wore
black sunglasses, a
crumpled **RAINCOAT**,
and a wide-brimmed
hat.

It was the same



mysterious rodent who had followed us at the beginning of the adventure!

Isabel **screamed** in surprise and clutched the **emerald** to her chest.

Trap jumped forward to confront the intruder. “Who are you, and what do you want?” he demanded.

Thea snapped one photo after another. “I thought this **MYSTERY** couldn’t get any juicier, but I was wrong. It has everything — travel, adventure, treasure, and a stranger **lurking** in the dark!”

Slimy Swiss cheese, I could do without the scary stranger lurking in the dark part! My whiskers **trembled** and my stomach flip-flopped. **Squeak!** Who knew that a ride on a runaway mine cart wouldn’t be the most **TERRIFYING** part of this journey!



GREEN WITH ENVY

The rodent finally spoke. “My name is Squeaky Ellington and that *emerald* belongs to me! Take your paws off it right now!”

Isabela squeezed the *emerald* in her paws. “Forget it! My grandfather left me secret messages to come and find this jewel.”

The rascally rat just laughed. “You are very wrong. The emerald belonged to my great-grandfather Berger Von Karrot, not to your great-grandfather Abe!”

Isabela **HUFFED**. “We’ll see about that,” she said. She rummaged around in her pockets a bit until she found the **photo** of Great-Grandfather Abe that she had brought with her. “See, this proves it!”

“No, this proves it!” the rodent cried. He



Caw!

Who would
have thought!

Look at my photo!



pulled out a photo of his own.

We all gathered around to look at the two **PHOTOGRAPHS**. Both featured mice in vintage clothing. Both mice were standing in a mine. In fact . . .

“These two photos are actually two halves of the **same** photo!” I cried.

“Not only that,” Thea said. “Look what they’re holding!”

It was the Eye of the Dragon Emerald!

Squeaky explained: “Abe and Berger were colleagues and friends. Together they found the **Eye of the Dragon** in this mine. Berger passed the key to the mine down through generations of our family.” He reached into his pocket and pulled out a key identical to Isabela’s. Only his had the initials **B.V.K.** for “Berger Von Karrot.”

I looked very closely at the photos.



There was very tiny, fine pawwriting at the bottom of Squeaky's photograph.

“The Land of the Emeralds,” I read out loud. “Here on this **memorable** day of July 13, 1858, we two colleagues and friends found an **enormouse emerald** that we called “The Eye of the Dragon”!”

Isabela's snout dropped open. “They found the emerald **TOGETHER**? I had no **IDEA**. That means you're right, Squeaky — this emerald belongs to the both of us!”



I gasped.

“But how will you share a single emerald?”
Thea wondered.

“You can’t cut it in half!” Trap cried. “That would ruin the **FABUMOUSE** gem!”

Squeaky **smiled**. “I would never want to **RUIN** the gem like that! Maybe we could trade it back and forth? Then both of us would get to enjoy its **beauty**! What do you think?”

“Well,” Isabela said. “That seems fair.”

“Okay, but Isabela gets the jewel first, understand?” Trap said.

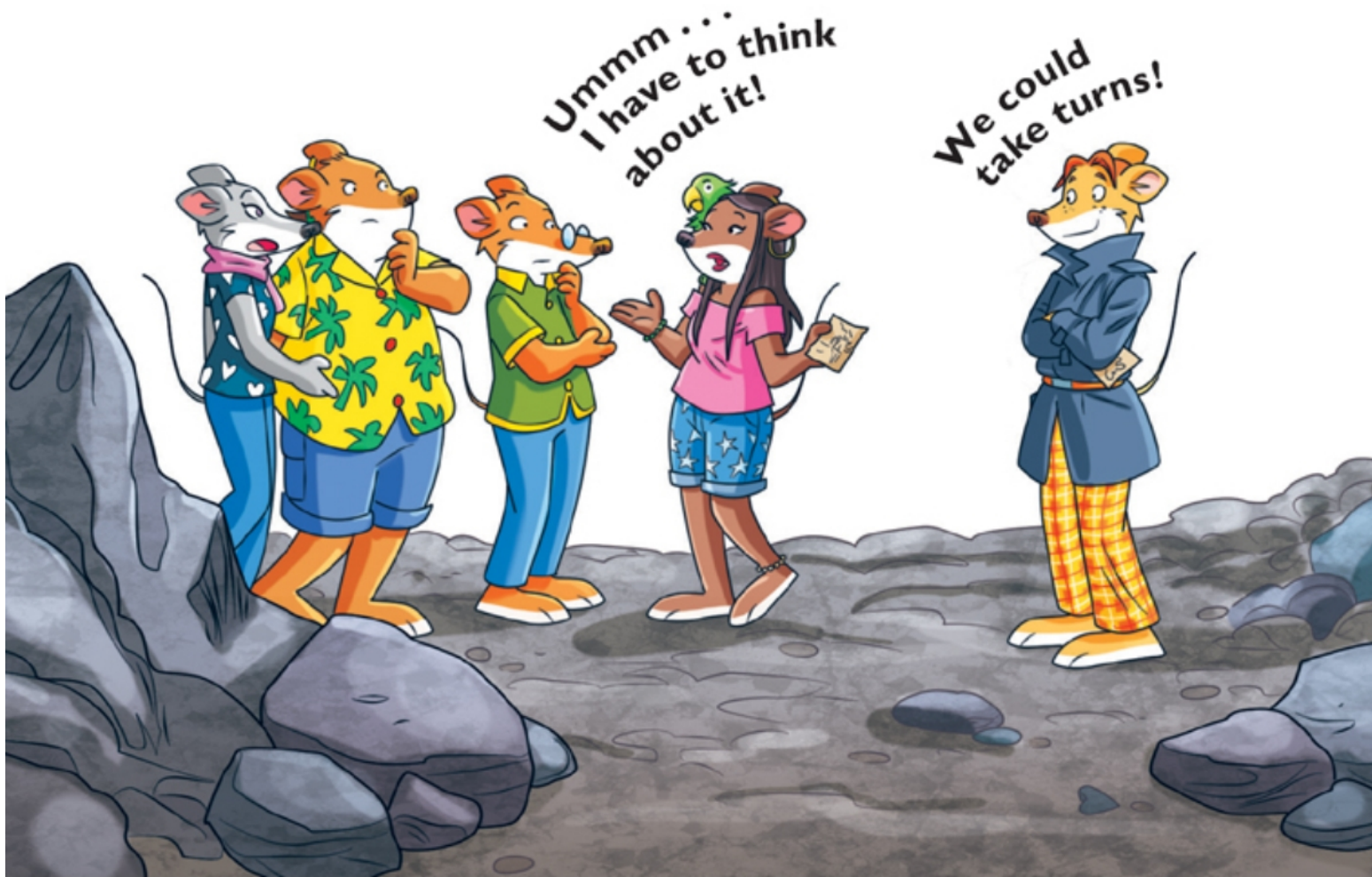
Squeaky’s snout fell. “Oh, um, I was really hoping that I could have it first,” he said.

An awkward silence followed. **Slimy Swiss cheese!**

But then Thea’s snout lit up in excitement. “We’re actually working on a big project



about this jewel. Geronimo is writing a series of articles about our search, Trap is working on recipes to celebrate the cuisine of Brazil, and I'm documenting everything with my camera. And now we will also be able to tell the long-lost story of your two **GRANDFATHERS**! What better end to that story than with the news that you will be sharing the jewel back and forth? Isabela





first, of course, and then you!”

Squeaky laughed. “**Okay, okay!** You’re absolutely **right**. Isabela can have the emerald first. I hope that we, too, become great **friends!**”

Isabela grinned. “I hope so!” Thea happily cheered. “Good! Now let’s take a photo all together!”

LET'S ALL TAKE A PHOTO!



I am the only one missing from
the photo because I had to
use the bathroom again!





WHAT A MOUSERIFIC ADVENTURE!

Once our adventure in **BRAZIL** was over, we headed back to New Mouse City. Isabela decided to come with us. She was going to do a series of talks about the **fabumouse** gem.

After we found the missing emerald, I actually couldn't wait to write about it!

When we landed in **NEW MOUSE CITY**,





we hurried right to the *Rodent's Gazette*. Thea wanted to go through all her photos and choose the best ones for the paper. Trap wanted to start recipe testing. I had already written several different articles about our travels, and I wanted Grandfather to read them right away.

“Back so soon! Did you all do as I asked — or did you fight too much to find the missing **treasure**?” Grandfather cried the moment we entered the office.

I shook my snout. “**We found the emerald!** And we have plenty of content for the newspaper!” I assured him.

“Let’s see it, then! I’m a **BUSY** rodent. I haven’t got all the cheese in the world to waste!” Grandfather said.

“They’re all on my USB drive. Let me just get it for you —”



Did you fight?

Here are my photos!

Hi, Uncle G!

Uncle G!



“USB drive! I’m an old-fashioned mouse! I need printouts, Geronimo! Printouts!” Grandfather **barked**.

Just then the door swung open and my nephews Benjamin and Trappy ran into the room. They came right over and buried me in *hugs*. I was so happy to see them!

“Don’t be a **worryrat**, Grandfather! We’ll help Uncle G print out his articles for you to read. We’ll be back in two shakes of a cat’s tail!”

They ran off to the printer. In exactly four minutes and forty-eight seconds, they returned with my articles all **printed** out.

“Each article works as a chapter in a book,” I explained. “That way, we can print a chapter a week in the *Gazette*, and then afterward, we can bind them all together and sell the book!”



Grandfather grunted. “Well, first let’s see if the writing’s any good . . .” He took the sheaf of papers and sat down to **read**.

My whiskers trembled. I twisted my tail in my paws. Glittering cat guts, what if he didn’t like it??

SQUEAK!!

Finally, after a long stretch of watching Grandfather flip through pages and look **thoughtful**, he got to the end. “Well, well, Geronimo. I must say, this is better than the **cheese soup** you usually write.” He pushed his glasses up his snout.

I **blushed**, turning my fur slightly pink. This was high praise from Grandfather!

“In fact, I would say, it’s fabumouse.”

“What what what??? Fabumouse???” I yelled. I couldn’t believe it.

But Grandfather raised a paw in the air . . .



“Don’t go getting a big head, Grandson. It still needs an ending. After reading this, I’m expecting **excellence**. Don’t disappoint me!”

“I won’t, I promise!” I said. I went right to my computer and wrote all day.

Just as I was finishing up for the evening, Trap and Thea came over for dinner. Trap wanted to try out some of his new Brazilian



RECIPE FOR DULCE DE LECHE

ALWAYS
ASK A GROWN-UP
FOR HELP!

INGREDIENTS:

4 cups whole milk, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar,
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon baking soda,
1 teaspoon vanilla

PREPARATION:

Stir the milk, sugar, and baking soda together in a 3- or 4-quart saucepan. Bring the contents of the saucepan to a boil. Then reduce the heat to a simmer and stir the liquid occasionally, until it caramelizes (turns brown) and thickens. This will take a while — around an hour and a half! Be careful not to let the mixture burn. Once the contents of the pot look like a thick caramel sauce, turn off the heat. Stir in the vanilla and then transfer the dulce de leche to a bowl to cool. Serve as a sauce for ice cream, or use it as a dip!



recipes, and Thea wanted to show us a slideshow of her photographs.

For dessert, Isabela showed us all how to make a Brazilian dessert called *dulce de leche*. It's a *yummy* caramel sauce you can dip things into or eat over ice cream. We had ours with choco-cheddar ice cream!

After **dinner**, Thea gathered us all together.

"We need one last



picture to remember this **fabumouse** adventure by,” she said. She set the self-timer and jumped into the frame with us as the timer counted down.

“Everybody say ‘Eye of the Dragon!’”
Thea said.

“EYE OF THE DRAGON!!”





Don't miss a single fabumouse adventure!



- #1 Lost Treasure of the Emerald Eye
- #2 The Curse of the Cheese Pyramid
- #3 Cat and Mouse in a Haunted House
- #4 I'm Too Fond of My Fur!
- #5 Four Mice Deep in the Jungle
- #6 Paws Off, Cheddarface!
- #7 Red Pizzas for a Blue Count
- #8 Attack of the Bandit Cats
- #9 A Fabumouse Vacation for Geronimo
- #10 All Because of a Cup of Coffee
- #11 It's Halloween, You 'Fraidy Mouse!
- #12 Merry Christmas, Geronimo!
- #13 The Phantom of the Subway
- #14 The Temple of the Ruby of Fire
- #15 The Mona Mousa Code

- #16 A Cheese-Colored Camper
- #17 Watch Your Whiskers, Stilton!
- #18 Shipwreck on the Pirate Islands
- #19 My Name Is Stilton, Geronimo Stilton
- #20 Surf's Up, Geronimo!
- #21 The Wild, Wild West
- #22 The Secret of Cacklefur Castle
A Christmas Tale
- #23 Valentine's Day Disaster
- #24 Field Trip to Niagara Falls
- #25 The Search for Sunken Treasure
- #26 The Mummy with No Name
- #27 The Christmas Toy Factory
- #28 Wedding Crasher
- #29 Down and Out Down Under

#30 The Mouse Island Marathon
#31 The Mysterious Cheese Thief
Christmas Catastrophe
#32 Valley of the Giant Skeletons
#33 Geronimo and the Gold Medal Mystery
#34 Geronimo Stilton, Secret Agent
#35 A Very Merry Christmas
#36 Geronimo's Valentine
#37 The Race Across America
#38 A Fabumouse School Adventure
#39 Singing Sensation
#40 The Karate Mouse
#41 Mighty Mount Kilimanjaro
#42 The Peculiar Pumpkin Thief
#43 I'm Not a Supermouse!
#44 The Giant Diamond Robbery
#45 Save the White Whale!
#46 The Haunted Castle
#47 Run for the Hills, Geronimo!
#48 The Mystery in Venice
#49 The Way of the Samurai
#50 This Hotel Is Haunted!
#51 The Enormouse Pearl Heist
#52 Mouse in Space!
#53 Rumble in the Jungle
#54 Get into Gear, Stilton!
#55 The Golden Statue Plot
#56 Flight of the Red Bandit
#57 The Stinky Cheese Vacation
#58 The Super Chef Contest

#59 Welcome to Moldy Manor
#60 The Treasure of Easter Island
#61 Mouse House Hunter
#62 Mouse Overboard!
#63 The Cheese Experiment
#64 Magical Mission
#65 Bollywood Burglary
#66 Operation: Secret Recipe
#67 The Chocolate Chase
#68 Cyber-Thief Showdown
#69 Hug a Tree, Geronimo
#70 The Phantom Bandit
#71 Geronimo on Ice!
#72 The Hawaiian Heist
#73 The Missing Movie
#74 Happy Birthday, Geronimo!
#75 The Sticky Situation
#76 Superstore Surprise
#77 The Last Resort Oasis
#78 Mysterious Eye of the Dragon

Up Next:





Don't miss
any of my
adventures in
the Kingdom of
Fantasy!



**THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE QUEST FOR
PARADISE:
THE RETURN TO THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY**



**THE AMAZING
VOYAGE:
THE THIRD ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE DRAGON
PROPHECY:
THE FOURTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE VOLCANO
OF FIRE:
THE FIFTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE SEARCH
FOR TREASURE:
THE SIXTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE ENCHANTED
CHARMS:
THE SEVENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE PHOENIX
OF DESTINY:
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE**



**THE HOUR OF
MAGIC:
THE EIGHTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE WIZARD'S
WAND:
THE NINTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE SHIP OF
SECRETS:
THE TENTH ADVENTURE
IN THE KINGDOM
OF FANTASY**



**THE DRAGON
OF FORTUNE:
AN EPIC KINGDOM OF
FANTASY ADVENTURE**



**THE GUARDIAN
OF THE REALM:
THE ELEVENTH
ADVENTURE IN THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY**



**THE ISLAND OF
DRAGONS:
THE TWELFTH
ADVENTURE IN THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY**



**THE BATTLE FOR THE
CRYSTAL CASTLE:
THE THIRTEENTH
ADVENTURE IN THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY**



**THE KEEPERS OF
THE EMPIRE:
THE FOURTEENTH
ADVENTURE IN THE
KINGDOM OF FANTASY**

Visit Geronimo in every universe!



Spacemice

Geronimo Stiltonix and his crew are out of this world!



Cavemice

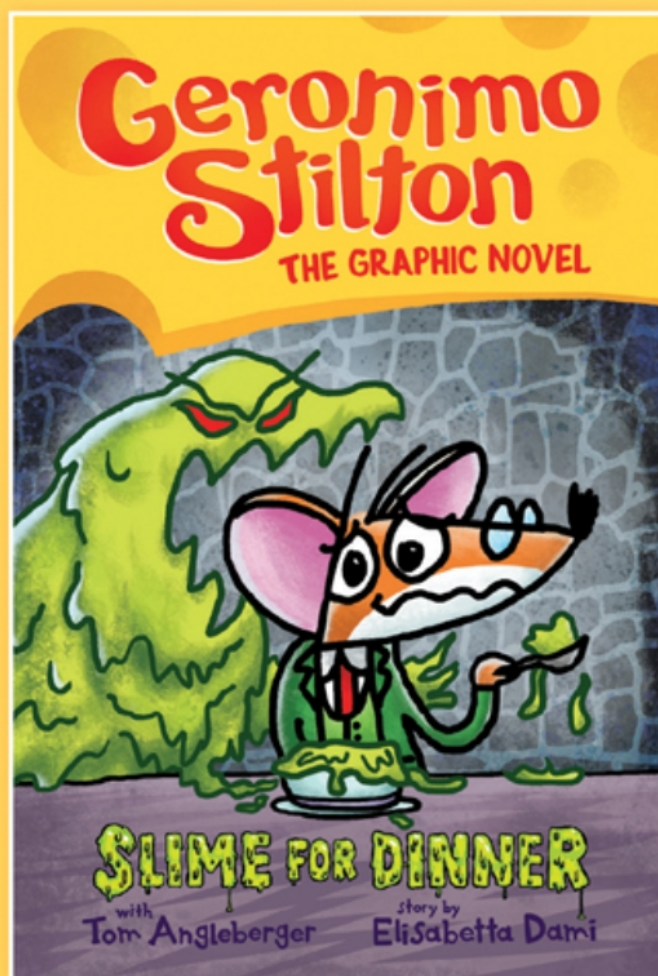
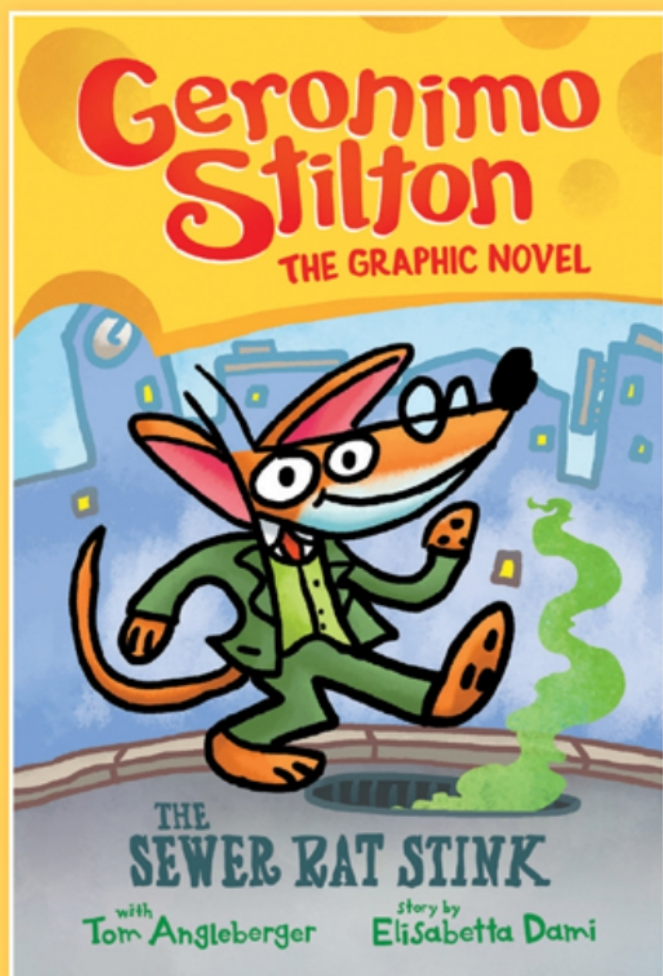
Geronimo Stiltonoot, an ancient ancestor, is friends with the dinosaurs in the Stone Age!



Micekings

Geronimo Stiltonord lives amongst the dragons in the ancient far north!

You've never seen
Geronimo Stilton like this before!



Get your paws on the all-new

Geronimo Stilton

graphic novels. You've gouda* have them!



*Gouda is
a type
of cheese.



***Don't miss any
of my fabumouse
special editions!***



THE JOURNEY
TO ATLANTIS



THE SECRET OF
THE FAIRIES



THE SECRET OF
THE SNOW



THE CLOUD
CASTLE



THE TREASURE
OF THE SEA



THE LAND OF
FLOWERS



THE SECRET OF
THE CRYSTAL
FAIRIES



THE DANCE OF
THE STAR FAIRIES



THE MAGIC OF
THE MIRROR



**Don't miss any of
these exciting Thea
Sisters adventures!**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dragon's Code**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mountain of Fire**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ghost of the Shipwreck**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret City**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery in Paris**



**Thea Stilton and the
Cherry Blossom Adventure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Star Castaways**



**Thea Stilton: Big Trouble
in the Big Apple**



**Thea Stilton and the
Ice Treasure**



**Thea Stilton and the
Secret of the Old Castle**



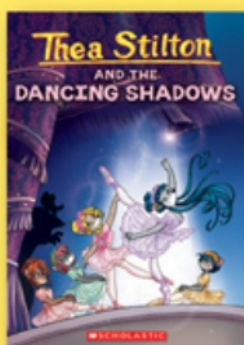
**Thea Stilton and the
Blue Scarab Hunt**



**Thea Stilton and the
Prince's Emerald**



**Thea Stilton and the
Mystery on the Orient Express**



**Thea Stilton and the
Dancing Shadows**



**Thea Stilton and the
Legend of the Fire Flowers**



**Thea Stilton and the
Spanish Dance Mission**



Thea Stilton and the Journey to the Lion's Den



Thea Stilton and the Great Tulip Heist



Thea Stilton and the Chocolate Sabotage



Thea Stilton and the Missing Myth



Thea Stilton and the Lost Letters



Thea Stilton and the Tropical Treasure



Thea Stilton and the Hollywood Hoax



Thea Stilton and the Madagascar Madness



Thea Stilton and the Frozen Fiasco



Thea Stilton and the Venice Masquerade



Thea Stilton and the Niagara Splash



Thea Stilton and the Riddle of the Ruins



Thea Stilton and the Phantom of the Orchestra



Thea Stilton and the Black Forest Burglary



Thea Stilton and the Race for the Gold



Thea Stilton and the Rainforest Rescue



Thea Stilton and the American Dream



Thea Stilton and the Roman Holiday



Map of Mouse Island

- | | |
|---------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Big Ice Lake | 21. Lake Lakelake |
| 2. Frozen Fur Peak | 22. Lake Lakelakelake |
| 3. Slipperyslopes Glacier | 23. Cheddar Crag |
| 4. Coldcreeps Peak | 24. Cannycat Castle |
| 5. Ratzikistan | 25. Valley of the Giant Sequoia |
| 6. Transratania | 26. Cheddar Springs |
| 7. Mount Vamp | 27. Sulfurous Swamp |
| 8. Roastedrat Volcano | 28. Old Reliable Geyser |
| 9. Brimstone Lake | 29. Vole Vale |
| 10. Poopedcat Pass | 30. Ravingrat Ravine |
| 11. Stinko Peak | 31. Gnat Marshes |
| 12. Dark Forest | 32. Munster Highlands |
| 13. Vain Vampires Valley | 33. Mousehara Desert |
| 14. Goose Bumps Gorge | 34. Oasis of the Sweaty Camel |
| 15. The Shadow Line Pass | 35. Cabbagehead Hill |
| 16. Penny Pincher Castle | 36. Rattytrap Jungle |
| 17. Nature Reserve Park | 37. Rio Mosquito |
| 18. Las Ratayas Marinas | |
| 19. Fossil Forest | |
| 20. Lake Lake | |





Map of New Mouse City

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Industrial Zone | 24. <i>The Daily Rat</i> |
| 2. Cheese Factories | 25. <i>The Rodent's Gazette</i> |
| 3. Angorat International Airport | 26. Trap's House |
| 4. WRAT Radio and Television Station | 27. Fashion District |
| 5. Cheese Market | 28. The Mouse House Restaurant |
| 6. Fish Market | 29. Environmental Protection Center |
| 7. Town Hall | 30. Harbor Office |
| 8. Snotnose Castle | 31. Mousidon Square Garden |
| 9. The Seven Hills of Mouse Island | 32. Golf Course |
| 10. Mouse Central Station | 33. Swimming Pool |
| 11. Trade Center | 34. Tennis Courts |
| 12. Movie Theater | 35. Curlyfur Island Amusement Park |
| 13. Gym | 36. Geronimo's House |
| 14. Catnegie Hall | 37. Historic District |
| 15. Singing Stone Plaza | 38. Public Library |
| 16. The Gouda Theater | 39. Shipyard |
| 17. Grand Hotel | 40. Thea's House |
| 18. Mouse General Hospital | 41. New Mouse Harbor |
| 19. Botanical Gardens | 42. Luna Lighthouse |
| 20. Cheap Junk for Less (Trap's store) | 43. The Statue of Liberty |
| 21. Aunt Sweetfur and Benjamin's House | 44. Hercule Poirat's Office |
| 22. Mouseum of Modern Art | 45. Petunia Pretty Paws's House |
| 23. University and Library | 46. Grandfather William's House |

Dear mouse friends,
Thanks for reading, and farewell
till the next book.
It'll be another whisker-licking-good
adventure, and that's a promise!



Geronimo Stilton



WHO IS GERONIMO STILTON?

That's me! I run a newspaper, but my true passion is writing **ADVENTURE** stories. Here in New Mouse City, the capital of Mouse Island, my books are all bestsellers! My stories are **funny**, fa-mouse-ly funny. They are whisker-licking-good tales, and **THAT'S A PROMISE!**

MYSTERIOUS **EYE OF THE DRAGON**

My sister, Thea, and my cousin Trap were not getting along! When Grandfather found them arguing over who would get to join me on a trip to Brazil, he forced us all to go together. My friend Isabela needed my help finding a mysterious emerald. Could Trap and Thea stop shouting their snouts off long enough to help find the stone?

 SCHOLASTIC

scholastic.com/geronimostilton
geronimostilton.com

